

THE
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THEY who are opposed to all improvement because it is innovation, persuade many weak minds into the belief that liberal reformers would reduce every institution and every order of society to one dead blank, and vulgar level. A monotonous and barren desert spreads before them, as a realization of the 'Radical' ideal—all elegance, all learning, all poetry excluded from view, that laws may be given by the talented, obtrusive tribunes of the mob, and that illiterate fustian may rule with supremacy over our national affairs. Such a picture was elaborately and vividly painted by Sir Robert Peel when he gave his last vote, as his first was given, in opposition to the Reform Bill of 1832. All that made power gentle, and obedience liberal; all that harmonized by a bland assimilation the gradations of society; all that incorporated into politics the virtues of private life,—all this was to be destroyed, and more than this, the cultivation of letters and the encouragement of art would no more be the adorning graces of the state. Sculptor,

painter, and poet were to diminish into insignificance behind traders and spinners, while educated men would lament in vain the refinement and polish which in the age of GEORGIUS REX distinguished the Corinthian orders of English society.

The prescience of the statesman failed him then, as frequently at other times. Our manners and our tastes have not been corrupted by the purification of our institutions. We have not become entirely sordid through ceasing to be comparatively slaves. We are partially free from the polluting influences of the last century, without losing all appreciation of the grand and beautiful in the natural or in the moral world. So far, indeed, has the success of popular government been from vulgarizing the national sentiments, or debasing the educated orders of society, that there is now in this country a finer and a more general perception of the brilliant and noble in art and literature than there was at any period between the Revolution and the Reform Bill. Legislators elected by the people have deliberated for the people. Picture-galleries, museums, and public libraries are now far more numerous, and more likely to be multiplied than they ever were before. We have discovered that, to promote good order, to increase the respectability of the working classes and the morality of great cities, we must provide for them the means of rational amusement and useful information. By this we aid, instead of superseding, higher and more effectual plans of education, and by this we soften and elevate the people at once, by influences more powerful as well as more kindly than laws.

The thickening population of London, perpetually traversed by currents from all the provinces of the empire, possesses few resources of this kind. Its public galleries are few, and the collections of individuals are open to a very limited number of persons. Annual exhibitions there are, but these are implacably 'genteel,' while the rooms of all our societies are barred by the rules of stern exclusion. For London, therefore, there are only the five chambers in Trafalgar-square and the British Museum. It is, consequently, important that our two public institutions should be rendered as valuable to the country, and as worthy of it as possible. They are not so at present. The one is in a state of chaos, the other is an absolute disgrace. Both, however, since the reports of the committee, the able articles in the 'Athenæum,' and some discussions in the legislature, have been brought before the country, which will probably next session be required to decide upon some interesting questions connected with them.

We all know that the British Museum originated in the will of Sir Hans Sloane, who, in 1753, bequeathed his collection to

the country. Next year Montague House, in Great Russell-street, was purchased and fitted up for its reception, and by 1759 the objects in art, antiquity, and science, were stored in it. These were followed by the Harleian and Cottonian libraries, and Montague House became speedily the richest cabinet in the empire. When, however, in 1801, the spoils of Egypt arrived, the floor of a private dwelling was found not massive enough to sustain their weight. It was then determined to enlarge the buildings, and the addition of the Townley marbles gave development to the plan which parliament had in view. From that to the present period, constant improvements have taken place, and now we certainly possess a spacious structure with a stately façade, which we may point to without shame as the British Museum.

The country, however, has not consented to so large an expenditure from its funds to endow this noble collection, without acquiring a right to insist on a careful and judicious disposal of the immense resources placed at the command of the trustees. The building of the British Museum has cost since 1823 nearly £700,000, and the expenditure for maintenance and purchases since 1755 has amounted to £1,200,000 sterling. Of this only £345,000 have been laid out in buying new collections. The worth of the contributions, including the great library formed by George III., and professedly given, but in reality sold, by George IV., amounted during the twelve years preceding 1835 to £400,000. The result is, that we are possessed of a national collection unrivalled in variety, extent, and value. There is nothing mean, nothing squalid, nothing of poverty spreading itself out to mimic the appearance of wealth.

In the building itself there is little of which we feel disposed to complain. There may be too much grandeur in the façade in comparison with the humble brick facings of the flank and rear, and the barbarous erections to the right and left may contrast uncouthly with the stately columns and florid entablature of the centre ; but the design and proportions of the edifice are fine, and the interior is of corresponding beauty. The entrance-hall, with its trabeated ceiling, its deep coffer, its Doric frets, its brilliant encaustic painting, its shower of golden stars over a ground of deep blue, and its flooring of Portland stone diversified by grey marble diamonds, produces an impression of magnificence upon the mind. As we ascend the wide staircase, between walls of polished red granite and massive balustrades, and as we pass from gallery to chamber, and from floor to floor, we feel no humiliation in the idea that we are in the national depository of antiquity, science, and art. The building, nevertheless, is now far from capacious enough to

contain the immense variety of objects stored up within its walls—seven distinct collections,—printed books, manuscripts, antiquities, drawings and prints, mineralogy, zoology and botany. Since, however, the guardians of the place confessed, when the question of a classified catalogue for the library was discussed, that their science was not quite sure about the proper division into which subjects should be distributed, they appear to be in a similar difficulty in disposing of their mummies, their minerals, their stuffed birds, sarcophagi, torsos, and shells. If this be true, there can be but one reason for it—that the arrangements are not confided to competent men. This, considering the manner in which parliament has provided for the government of the Museum, it would be difficult to believe, if the fact had not been frequently exposed. The control of the place, with the whole property, is vested in forty-eight trustees, one nominated by the crown, twenty-three by virtue of their official station, nine named by the representatives or executors of donors, and fifteen periodically elected. They appoint a committee, and the management of the whole is under close and formal supervision.

Nevertheless, there is not only confusion in the arrangements, but poverty in the various departments of the Museum. There is no collection of British antiquities worth mentioning—and no room for one if we possessed it, though large presentations would undoubtedly be made if accommodation for them were provided. For books, says the 'Report,' there are twelve or thirteen chambers, 'besides cellars.' And this is a literal truth. What lies choking those cellars we are not so audacious as to guess; but possibly we might build up a new China wall, or fill up the canal of Ku from the buried masses of unexplored erudition lying in those melancholy caverns, level with the more accessible sewers in Russell-square. In the same manner were the Assyrian sculptures exhumed in Nineveh to be interred in London—dug up from the palaces of Asia to be newly entombed in that dark profound of the Museum, where, passing under moist brick arches of most penal aspect, you issue into the softened gloom of a vault, and see the monuments of an antique race, deposited as though the vision of civilization would profane them. To confirm this idea, a coarse wooden barricade protects the marbles from that vulgar curiosity which would ascertain what is engraven on them; and country visitors, after peeping into this hypogæan receptacle of ancient art, return to the light to popularize the idea that Nineveh sculptures exist in the British Museum.

'It is exceedingly difficult,' said one of the trustees, in his evidence, 'to find places for many of the collections that belong

to us.' Another of them tells us, that, in some particulars of its internal arrangements, the building must be looked upon as a warning rather than as a model! In the department of antiquities the light in many rooms is bad, the objects are inconveniently crowded, and the coins and medals are so cribbed for want of space that visitors necessarily interrupt the officers at their work. Obscurity results inevitably from the architectural style of the edifice, and confusion from its being inconveniently full. 'Now,' says a judicious writer in the *Athenæum*, 'it is admitted that our collection of Grecian sculpture is superior to any other in the world; that our Roman collection, though not equal to the former, is still fine; that in Egyptian sculpture we are inferior to none; that we stand high in bronzes, and are good in vases. Surely such treasures deserve a casket to contain and exhibit them, which will not extort criticism like this from the very trustees who have charge of it.'

The print department, which it is recommended to appropriate for the Nineveh marbles, is so confined in space that its contents might as well be in the private keeping of Sir Henry Ellis. The northern galleries of mineralogy, too, are gloomy, and one of them is very small. The arrangement is defective; and an eye of little science can perceive how chaotic is the disposal of specimens. The animal kingdom is better represented, and birds, beasts, and fishes, are more carefully disposed; but it is crowded, ill-lighted, and in some parts ludicrously distributed. 'The botanical collection,' says the writer we have already quoted, 'occupies only two or three rooms, and is not exhibited to the public, nor, indeed, to any one without considerable trouble; and therefore it cannot be classed among the attractions of the Museum. Dried plants, though of great use to the naturalist, are not, and cannot be made, very seductive to the public; and the collection in the Museum, besides being much smaller than the herbaria possessed by several private individuals in this country, is antiquated in its arrangement—although, in a scientific point of view, it possesses a special interest.'

Not a single object in the Museum, much less a whole collection, ought to be in this manner excluded from public view. But this result is inevitable from the crowded and disorganized state of the whole. Coins, gems, and other articles of value are heaped under glass covers where no one can hope to see them; there is no room for the Nimroud monuments; the Roman sculptures remind us of Rome after a visit of the Goths; the British antiquities, few as they are, obscure one another; the Greek, Egyptian, and Etruscan collections, if they are fairly grouped now, cannot be extended; and the Lycian

marbles are most unartistically disposed. Of rich gems we have very few; of coins many, but uncatalogued; the vases are fine, but ill-arranged. To make room for these the resident officers should quit their apartments; even Sir Henry Ellis cannot long be suffered to remain; and certainly the room to the north-west of the Egyptian collection must be appropriated.

The conchological collection in the British Museum is considerable, but inferior, we learn, to that of a private individual in Gower-street. The entomology is fine, and scientifically arranged. There is no purely geological collection—nothing that can be compared with that of the Geological Society. Funds, as well as space, are required for this. The class of birds is a very complete and beautifully ordered department of the natural history collection; but the osteological specimens are exceedingly incomplete.

It is in the department of printed books, however, that we find the most conspicuous anomalies. Here is a collection of about half a million of volumes, consulted by about twenty thousand readers in the course of a year. The average attendance is about two hundred and fifty a day in the summer months, and more than three hundred in the winter. About twelve hundred new cards of admission are granted annually. In 1828, not more than seven hundred and fifty names were on the books. Now there are more than thirty-two thousand, principally of persons who make use of the privilege for a serious purpose. Indeed, there is not perhaps a single man of letters in the country who does not from time to time require to visit this national library.

Beyond all things, therefore, it is important that access to it should be easy, and that the treasures it contains should be available. With regard to access, it is nominally easy enough; and we are not disposed to object to a limitation as to age, though, as Mr. Peter Cunningham suggested, Chatterton, under the existing rule, would have been entirely excluded. However, that may pass. An entrance may be readily obtained, except when, as sometimes has occurred, the librarian's caprice or want of courtesy prevents it. Sir Henry Ellis, in his examination before the Committee, replied to question 323: 'I always make inquiry of the party who comes or writes to me, and if he can get respectably recommended, *even if it is from a tradesman* of the neighbourhood, if I believe the recommender to be a respectable man, I take his recommendation.' When, however, Mr. Weale, the publisher, who had contributed nearly a thousand guineas' worth of books to the library, gave a recommendation for admission to the reading-room to Mr.

Armstrong, the engineer, it was contemptuously refused by Sir Henry Ellis, who dismissed the applicant, saying, 'Weale! publisher! Who is he? *We* don't like the recommendations of booksellers.' Sir Henry should have remembered that the only 'we' to be consulted was the public; and that he is no more than a servant appointed and paid to fulfil certain duties, and liable to be dismissed for uncivil behaviour. Another incident has fallen within our own knowledge. An English writer, of long-established and general reputation, recommended a French gentleman, who was refused on the ground that he was a foreigner. At the same time it was notorious that scarcely an European nation is not daily represented at those shining black tables where our metropolitan *literati* digest the accumulated stores which the pens of every country have provided for universal use. In consequence of these circumstances frequently occurring, literary men in general feel that, through some eccentricity of temper in a gentleman whom they jocularly call the Cerberus of the Museum library, they are exposed to impertinence and obstruction where they have a right to expect assistance and courtesy.

Having once passed, however, the dragon who guards the door, a simple person might imagine that his object is attained, and that the stores of ancient and modern literature are laid open to his research. One week's experience disperses this pleasant delusion. First, he must accustom himself to what Mr. Carlyle calls the 'Museum headache.' Never in a crocodile mummy-pit, in the Grotto del Cane, or in the precincts of a metropolitan church-yard, could we breathe an atmosphere so poisonous and depressing. Sickness, giddiness, faintness, steal upon the unacclimatized reader, who is distracted by multitudinous influences hostile to philosophical study. Some one with a nose like a bassoon startles you on one side; a pair of clanking heels clink along the slate pavement on the other; one old gentleman mutters perpetually to himself, and another distorts his countenance into every horrible grimace while he whistles over the crackling leaves of some dry Chaldæan folio, raising a breeze which blows away half your papers. The smell of musty binding, of decaying calf and russia, of worm-eaten county histories, and commentaries mildewed with neglect, combined with the dreary aspect of the rooms, the bad ventilation, and a variety of distracting sights and sounds, may allow a person to read and compile, but renders it impossible to study or write.

If the rooms were more tolerable, the student's vexation might be greater. The pestiferous atmosphere is a grateful excuse for going away, to escape the tedium and disappointment of a long day in the library. Careful and polite attention, indeed,

on the part of the attendants is invariably received. But it is the catalogue which sinks our hope when we approach it—and this because it is not classified. Lord Strangford thinks the difficulties of a *catalogue raisonnée* insuperable, and so does Mr. Panizzi; but the one being a lord, whose title would make all the research he needed, and the other, a functionary fencing against proposals of closer attention to duty, their opinions are not weighty. We have yet to hear a single good reason why a classified catalogue of the British Museum library is not prepared. If the present officials refuse to undertake it, let them be dismissed, and put the task to competition. We have heard London booksellers say they would contract to perform the whole service in a year; and we fully believe it could be done.

That it is an injury to literature to remain in want of such a catalogue no public writer will deny. Instances of it fall under our notice every day. One of these we find in the curious and learned work of Dr. William Bell on 'Shakespeare's Puck and his Folkslore.' In one of the notes which so largely display his scholarly accomplishments, the archæological doctor says,—

'I should have worked the substance of this long note into my text, only, as Mr. Planché had not thought it necessary to give the *name* of the author from whom he had taken his figure, I wished to examine it in the original; but the deplorable practice of cataloguing works in the British Museum, solely by the names of their authors, prevented me finding it till the text was printed. Had, as in all the large libraries on the Continent, the titles of the books been arranged in a systematic order of subjects, on turning to the division—"TOPOGRAPHY, GREAT BRITAIN, OXFORDSHIRE," the book would have been readily found, and considerable personable trouble and loss would have been spared me.'—(Vol. i., 246.)

The advantages of the British Museum library, in comparison with others in Europe, are, no doubt, large. At Berlin, the reading-room is almost dark; a ticket for a book is required to be put into a trunk outside the door many hours previously—frequently the preceding night. In France many vexatious regulations obtain; and while in Munich and Dresden the accommodation is better, those are lending libraries, and not fairly to be compared with that of the British Museum. But there can be no possible reason why the catalogue is not classified, except that the librarian and a part, at least, of his staff are incompetent for the duty; and still less can there be a reason why the reader should have to search through four catalogues in pursuit of a single book—the old one, with all its blots and erasures, the new duplicate one of a hundred and fifty folios; the king's catalogue and the Grenville catalogue, besides a fifth division for 'Academies,' making sixteen folio volumes marked A! A classified catalogue would assist research,

bring all the books on one subject under the eye, and enable the student, says Dr. Bell, at each particular examination, to ascertain what new works have been added.

The rooms are inconveniently crowded, simply because they are too small; not because persons are admitted whose readings are of a nature un contemplated among the objects of the institution. Mr. Carlyle exhibited a little vanity in expatiating on his own deep habits of study, and a little impertinence in alluding to the 'manufacturers of useful knowledge,' as well as compilers of dictionaries and encyclopædias. Let the king's library be thrown open, and not left as the vacant domain of a few keepers and assistant librarians, walking with echoing steps, through chambers which by their beauty might remind us of the Vatican.

There is no complaint more general or more just than that of the neglect shown in procuring new English books for the library. They ought to be there, arranged and catalogued within two months,—the histories, travels, and romances of Murray, Longman, Colburn, and Newby, as well even as the effusions from Kent, Saunders, Mudge, Bentley, and Vickers; for if these only serve to load the creaking shelves with seventh-rate romances, compilations, and rejected trash, still, as a collection of the national literature, they cannot be spared. It is true they are obtained, but not in proper time. We have ourselves watched books, and not found them catalogued until ten months after their publication, and this although the public is scandalized by Mr. Panizzi being permitted to drag booksellers into a police-dock for neglect. The whole system is bad. 'We find,' says the 'Athenæum,' 'that the last addition to the building in this department is rapidly filling, that accessories are coming in at the rate of ten thousand volumes a year,—and this rate of increase should be augmented rather than diminished,—that three years ago a room was in course of construction for the reception of newspapers in a part of the building described as being in the most inconvenient portion that could possibly have been selected. We find Mr. Panizzi dwelling on the necessity for extending the building, and advocating the erection of a new wing to receive the manuscripts, and the occupation by printed books of the rooms now used by that department. This is the only tangible proposition we have yet seen; but it would cost something like a quarter of a million of money, and would furnish proper accommodation for about seven years, and make a shift for about five more.'

The writer in the 'Athenæum' has made proposals which are now discussed in all quarters, and will probably occupy the attention of parliament. He recommends the amalgamation of some of the present departments in the Museum with other existing

institutions,—the mineralogy with the Museum of Economic Geology and Government School of Mines; the removal of the botanical department to the gardens at Kew; the location of the stuffed and preserved specimens near the Zoological Gardens; and finally, the transference of our splendid collection of sculpture, coins, medals, drawings, and prints, to the National Gallery.

But *we have* no National Gallery! We have only a miserable place in Trafalgar-square, divided between the public collection and a private monopoly called the Royal Academy, which exists to the detriment of art and the injury of artists in this country. We have indeed many fine pictures; but nothing which deserves to be styled a National Gallery. Numerous painters of the highest fame have none of their works here, and several others have only third and fourth-rate productions. Still those we have are worthy to form the nucleus of a British collection, which might one day emulate Munich or the Louvre. We have eight by Annibali Caracci, and three by Ludovico; ten by Claude, some of the finest as paintings, but not the best subjects; four by Dakendolo; two by Francia; eight by Guido; three by Murillo; one by Parmegiano; six by Gaspar Poussin, and eight by Nicolas; four by Raffaele, all second rate; eight by Rembrandt, including the 'Woman taken in Adultery,' considered by many as his *chef-d'œuvre*; nine by Rubens; five by Titian; four by Vandyke; two by Velasquez; and two by Paul Veronese. The Gallery was begun in 1824, by the purchase of Angerstein's collection of thirty-eight pictures by old masters, for fifty-seven thousand pounds.

A new National Gallery is now in contemplation. The Earl of Derby and the Chancellor of the Exchequer hinted at it at the dinner of the Royal Academy; Lord Mahon has suggested the formation of a gallery of historical portraits; Mr. Hume does not desire to economize to the exclusion of this idea; Prince Albert, with that enlightened respect for the arts which becomes a person of his station in England, has assisted in propagating the idea; and the literary as well as the political press has circulated it through all the channels of public opinion. What we require is a spacious gallery, in a good situation, to receive works of art, ancient and modern sculptures, painting, architectural models and drawings, and engravings. The word gallery has suggested to the leading organ in the *beau monde* of letters one objection. A room of immense length, he says, like the Louvre, filled with the productions of the men of genius of all ages and countries, is certainly a magnificent spectacle; but there is more ostentation than artistic design in such an arrangement. The student requires a clue to his studies—of the masters and eras of art. He needs some guiding lines to be traced on his

memory—as the Rubens room, the Flemish room, the Raffaele room. The wall space also is thus economized; there is a classification of works, and thus a grand lesson exhibited in the mere disposal of the pictures. Art in this way is made to relate its own history.

We think that the new National Gallery ought to be a grand building—itsself a work of art, but not a gorgeous or florid pile. It should be erected for its object—as an edifice to contain the sculptures and pictures belonging to the nation. We may then see the Vernon collection delivered from the dubious gloom of Marlborough House; individuals who now notoriously hold back splendid gifts of paintings, because we have no structure worthy to receive them, will directly adorn the British gallery; the Museum may be cleared of collections which do not properly belong to it, and open a place for the neglected, unavailable, and decaying records of the country; and a fine treasury of engravings, which are now as useless as though they served to wrap the mummies of the Pharaohs, may be brought out from antiquarian dust near Russell-square. This we hope to see effected, if not during the approaching session, at least within one or two years; and whatever is done we shall have to thank the ‘Athenæum’ for its bold and masterly explanation of this subject.

The Committee on the National Gallery have effectually condemned the present building and its site. Smoky chimneys, noisy children,—idlers, not coming to look at the pictures, but to rendezvous—with dust and impure vapours from the neighbourhood—constitute the objections; apart from the miserable plan of the building, and its wretched character as the Imperial Gallery of Great Britain. There is no space for works of art. Berlin, Munich, Florence, Vienna, Dresden, the Louvre, the Vatican—all the national collections in Europe, in one detail or other, shame our own. The Committee, therefore, have recommended a site for the new National Gallery at the side of Kensington Gardens, adjoining the Bayswater-road, on a dry soil, at a spot easily accessible, open, free from impurities, and pleasant to the eye.

It remains for these questions to be discussed by parliament and the country. They are not unimportant. The establishment and expenses of the British Museum for the year ending March 1853, are estimated at £52,000; with new buildings £21,350, and purchases £2,966. The cost of the National Gallery during the same period will be £2,495,—only £795 to be expended in purchases, two in number,—Rembrandt’s portrait of himself, and a picture, by Van Eyck, from Viscount Middleton.

The actual state of these questions allows the hope that some

effectual movements will shortly be made with reference to the National Gallery; and active debates are taking place among those who will at least have a share in determining the result. The means they choose lie, of course, along the ancient highways of immemorial routine. In this country prescription rules the progress even of reform. We advance by invariable gradations. First, abuses accumulate until they almost overwhelm the institution to which they are attached, and entirely bury its utility out of sight; then the press sounds an alarm, the functionaries deny the grounds of complaint, the press repeats the charge, and at last a circle of discussion widens over the vast waters of public opinion. Then government 'takes up' the subject, and acknowledges the wrong, but never goes straight forward in search of a remedy. It must have a commission; it must have a blue book; it never supposes the existence in Great Britain of shrewdness or skill enough to accomplish a simple end. So with the National Gallery. Inquiries are to be made at every *court* of Europe that possesses a collection of pictures—for on the Continent nothing belongs to the *people*—about their plans and their ideas, and out of all this a model for ourselves is to be made. Well, if the thing be done well, we shall not dispute the fashion of doing it; but our anticipation is, that we shall not have a better National Gallery than we might have by employing at once some architect of genius to design it.

The Museum question is in a better way of solution. We have built and re-built; we have spent on it, within thirty years, almost as much as the bishopric of Durham has swallowed up in that period; and now the trustees confess that the place cannot accommodate what it already contains, and will be turned into a mere warehouse if we attempt to choke it with any more. No change of details can now suffice. There is a mighty bull coming from Assyria, and possibly some antiquarian Mahmoud may bring after him his colossal brother of Tanjore. Marbles and metals, mummies and monoliths, are waiting to have space provided for them, with pillars from Athens, friezes from Rome, sculptured slabs from Nineveh; and the trustees, with a sapience worthy of a justice of the Dorsetshire petty sessions, recommend that, with respect to science and antiques, we smooth the difficulty away 'by suspending all purchases, and refusal of gifts.' By this means, they say, we may 'limit the growth' of the collection. Had a mandarin of China or a port-admiral of Japan invented this suggestion, we should have admired it as consonant with the ignorance and folly which in those empires stint and famish every liberal aspiration of the people; but from gentlemen like the trustees, so much extravagance could not have been expected. But, as the 'Times'—

following the 'Athenæum'—allows, they have really pointed out the only alternative. We must abandon our national collection to its present incompleteness, or we must allow the Museum to colonize a number of institutions in the capital. The Vatican at Rome, says our literary contemporary, St. Mark's at Venice, the Imperial at Vienna, the National at Paris, the Escorial at Madrid—in fact, all the renowned libraries of the continent, have a history stretching back into the middle ages; but the British Museum is the growth of a single generation. We may expect books in future to be added at the rate of nearly twenty-eight thousand a-year; so that a room of equal capacity with the splendid 'King's Library' will be required every five years—that is, the whole building must be increased by a tenth of its present dimensions.

It will be to little purpose to adopt the suggestions which some ingenious patriots have offered. Not one of them will be efficacious for anything except putting off the evil day. Filling up the great quadrangle with a circular reading-room of glass and iron would be a piece of incongruous patchwork—totally unsuited to its object. No one, of course, thinks any change could be for the worse from the vault-like approaches and pestilential gloom of the reading-rooms we have; but a new building in the centre would leave the other general defects exactly as they are, so that the whole discussion would soon have to be revived. There is a vast collection of manuscripts, too, most inadequately provided for. Consequently, nothing seems feasible or sufficing as a remedy, except giving up the Museum to literature, and sending the minor collections where they can be accommodated better, and be equally accessible to the public.

Two questions, in addition to these, have arisen. *Who* are to be admitted to the reading-room, and *when* are they to be admitted? Though we cannot agree with Mr. Carlyle in ridiculing the compilers, who have their vocation, and ought to be allowed facilities for it, we are sensible of the great disadvantages to students in the presence daily of about two hundred idlers, whispering, laughing, walking to and fro, and whisking flippantly the leaves of 'picture-books' and light romances. We would not expel these, but they might be divided from the genuine explorers of those literary treasures now guarded by the equivocal courtesy of Sir Henry Ellis. The hours of study seem clearly to be—while there is sufficient light to read by, without exposing a priceless collection to peril from fire.

And now, we have one question to ask, and shall be glad if the answer does not involve an exposure of flagrant abuse. What becomes of the lighter books, which our publishers are forced to send to the Oxford library? Is the rumour well-

founded that they are first read by the officials and then sold? The country has a right to be informed on this point.

To these subjects we direct our readers' attention. They ought not to be neglected by the country. If, beyond political liberty and domestic prosperity, we ought, as a people, to have an ambition, it should be the exaltation of literature and art. These are the embodiments of truth and beauty; they constitute the immortal fame of nations; and by them all that is delightful to the vision is fixed into enduring shape. Commerce enriches, and freedom ennobles a state; but art and letters soften and elevate its people; delight them by images and colours, starting like dreams from the canvas, or forms of perpetual beauty chiselled from the marble. If, then, we have the refined and liberal aspiration to revive for ourselves the bloom of the Athenian myrtle wreath, let us dedicate to books, to sculpture, and to painting, edifices which are worthy of them; and while we cultivate these adorning and elevating graces, the purity of letters and the grandeur of art will return upon us a hundredfold all that we bestow on them.

ART. II.—*The Works of Pascal.* Newly Translated and Arranged. By George Pearce, Esq. London: Longman and Co.

1. *The Provincial Letters.* 2. *The Miscellaneous Writings.* 3. *The Thoughts on Religion, and Evidences of Christianity.*

DURING recent years considerable light has been thrown both on the works and the life of Pascal. M. Cousin and M. Faugères have especially contributed to redeem from obscurity and destruction some of the finest fragments which he left behind him, and to set in a new, or at least more intelligible colouring, an interesting period of his history. In 1848, M. Vinet published his 'Studies upon Pascal;' and Ernest Havet has recast Faugères' edition of the 'Thoughts,' and given a complete view of the recent controversy relating to that work. Mr. Pearce has done well in presenting us with a version of the minute and copious edition of Faugères. He has accomplished his task, upon the whole, with scholarship and taste; and the English reader is now for the first time enabled to study Pascal—at least in those noblest monuments of his genius, his 'Thoughts'—in a form and garb of which he himself would not have been ashamed.

We propose to avail ourselves of the opportunity of presenting our readers with a brief sketch of the life and labours of

this great man, in which we shall embody whatever new particulars the industry of his recent commentator and editor have been able to glean. Often as his portrait has been already drawn and his works criticised, there is more than enough to repay us still in a review of both; for there are but few names in the past associated at once with so much worthiness of character and such a rich and manifold range of intellect as that of Pascal. The high union of the most rare and even diverse qualities of mind which his writings display, is amongst the most remarkable of which we have any record. How seldom do we see such a combination of mental powers—the highest scientific skill wedded to the finest literary art; at once the most severe and vigorous and the most light and playful cast of thought; the subtlest and most comprehensive reach both of mathematical and philosophical investigation, and the happiest and most exquisite graces of the *belles lettres*; while the glow and tenderness of an enthusiastic piety irradiate and beautify all.

Blaise Pascal was born at Clermont, in Auvergne, on the 19th of June, 1623. His father was first President of the Court of Aids in that city; but on the death of his wife he abandoned his professional duties and repaired to Paris, with the view of devoting himself to the education of his children, of whom, besides the subject of our notice, there were two daughters, Gilberte and Jaqueline. Here he united himself with a band of sages, who then, in the 'springtide of science,' were applying themselves with all the ardour of a fresh-born zeal to physical studies. Among these were Descartes, Gassendi, Mersenne, Roberval, Carevi, and Le Pailleur; and, in order to stimulate and forward their respective labours, they were in the habit of assembling at each other's houses, and engaging in discussion on the topics which so strongly interested them. They held also a regular correspondence with other *savants* in the provinces and throughout Europe, and were thus instructed in the general progress of scientific discovery. This small society of friends, thus united by the simple attraction of congenial pursuits, it is worthy of notice, formed the origin of the famous Academy of Sciences established by royal authority in 1666.

Young Pascal, who from his earliest youth had given signs of great mental activity, became a frequent auditor of these conferences when held at his father's house. He is reported to have manifested the deepest attention and the most inquisitive spirit; and it is even said, that when only eleven years of age he composed a treatise upon sound—in which he sought to explain how it was that a plate, struck with a sharp instrument, returned a sound which ceased all at once on the finger

being applied to it. His father, apprehensive that so lively a taste for science might prove pernicious to his other studies, agreed with his friends to abstain from speaking of subjects relating to it in the boy's presence. This was found, however, to be of little avail. The thirst for scientific knowledge, once awakened, continued to burn in the breast of the young philosopher; and shutting himself up in his solitary chamber, he gave himself unrestrained to the bent of his desires, and was actually found to have traced upon the floor the figures of triangles, parallelograms, and circles, and so far examined their properties, without even knowing their names. 'His reasoning,' it is said, 'was founded upon definitions and axioms which he had made for himself;' and, according to the same authority, he had, step by step, succeeded in reading the demonstration of the thirty-second proposition of Euclid—that the sum of the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles—when surprised by his father in his extraordinary task. Astonished and overjoyed, the father ran to communicate the fact to his intimate friend, M. le Pailleur.

It is true that some have ventured to doubt the fact of this wonderful precocity on the part of Pascal. According to the Abbé Bossut, however, on whose authority we have relied, it is substantiated by the most indubitable evidence; and if only substantially correct, it no doubt bespeaks a marvellous capacity in Pascal as a mere boy. Having so remarkably asserted his love for science, his father no longer sought to lay any restraint upon him in following out the strong bent of his genius. He was provided with the 'Elements of Euclid,' which he almost immediately mastered without assistance. By and by he began to take a conspicuous part in the scientific conversations which took place at his father's house; and while still only in his sixteenth year, he wrote the famous 'Treatise on Conic Sections,' which so excited the 'mingled incredulity and astonishment' of Descartes.

Stephen Pascal was now the happiest of fathers, in the contemplation of his son's rising genius, and the maturing graces and accomplishments of his amiable daughters, when all his fair visions were suddenly dashed by an unforeseen calamity. Impoverished by the long continuance of war, and by financial embezzlements, the government, under the direction of the well-known Cardinal Richelieu, ventured to reduce the dividends on the Hotel-de-Ville. This proceeding naturally excited the discontent and murmurs of the annuitants, and meetings were held on the subject. So mild an expression of liberty, however, could not be tolerated by the cardinal minister. All such meetings were pronounced to be illegal

and seditious, and those who were supposed to have actively engaged in them pursued by the vengeance of the government. Stephen Pascal was signalled out, although, it afterwards appeared, unjustly, as one of these, and an order immediately issued for his arrest,—which, however, by the timely warning of a friend, he succeeded in eluding, and betook himself for refuge to the solitudes of his native district. It is difficult to conceive a more cruel and tyrannous exercise of authority under any regular and peaceable form of government than is here exhibited to us; and, as if still more to bring out the fearful chances of such an absolute power lodged in the hands of an individual, the following story as to the manner in which the afflicted father was restored to his disconsolate children is related by the Abbé Bossut. ‘The cardinal having taken a fancy to have Scudery’s tragi-comedy of “L’Amour Tyranique” acted before him by young girls, the Duchess d’Aiguillon, who was charged with the conduct of the piece, was desirous that Jaqueline Pascal, then just thirteen years of age, should become one of the actresses. Her elder sister, who in her father’s absence was the head of the family, replied with indignation, that “the cardinal had not been sufficiently kind to them to induce them to do him this favour.” The duchess, however, persisted in her request, and made it to be understood that the recall of Stephen Pascal might be the reward of the favour which she solicited. The friends of the family were consulted, and they agreed that Jaqueline should accept the part assigned to her. The representation of the piece took place on the 3rd of April, 1639. The little Jaqueline played her part with a grace and accomplishment which charmed all the spectators, and especially the cardinal himself. She was skilful enough to take advantage of the momentary enthusiasm. Approaching the cardinal on the conclusion of the play, she recited the following verses:—

‘ Ne vous étonnez pas, incomparable Armand,
Si j’ai mal contenté vos yeux et vos oreilles;
Mon esprit, agité de frayeurs sans pareilles,
Interdit à mon corps et voix et mouvement;
Mais pour me rendre ici capable de vous plaire,
Rappelez de l’exil mon misérable père.’ *

* These verses have been thus rendered:—

Oh! marvel not, Armand, the great, the wise,
If I have slightly pleased thine ear—thine eyes;
My sorrowing spirit, torn by countless fears,
Each sound forbidden save the voice of tears;—
With power to please thee wouldst thou me inspire,
Recal from exile now my hapless sire.

The tyrant was taken in the pleasant lure that had been laid for him. 'He took the girl in his arms,' continues the abbé, 'and embracing and kissing her while she repeated the verses, replied, "Yes, my child, I grant you what you ask; write to your father that he may return with safety." The Duchess d'Aiguillon, immediately taking up the conversation, spoke in praise of Stephen Pascal: "He is a thoroughly honest man; he is very learned; and it is a great pity he should remain unemployed. There is his son," added she, pointing to Blaise Pascal, "who, although he is only fifteen, is already a great mathematician." Encouraged by her first success, Jaqueline again ventured to address the cardinal; "I have still another favour, my lord, to ask you." "What is it, my child? ask what you will; you are too amiable to be refused anything." "Permit my father to come in person and thank your eminence for your kindness." "Certainly," said the cardinal, "I wish to see him; and let him bring his family along with him." As soon as the father received the grateful intelligence, he returned with all diligence to Paris, and immediately on his arrival hastened with his three children to Ruel, the residence of the cardinal, who gave him the most flattering reception. "I know all your merit," said Richelieu; "I restore you to your children, and commend them to your care; I am anxious to do something considerable for you."

In fulfilment of this promise, Stephen Pascal was appointed, two years afterwards, Intendant of Rouen, in Normandy, the duties of which office he is said to have discharged during the seven following years with an ability and disinterestedness which recommended him alike to the district and the court. His family accompanied him to the country; and in the same year, 1641, his elder daughter was married to M. Perier, who had distinguished himself in a commission with which the government had entrusted him in Normandy, and who subsequently became counsellor to the Court of Aides in Clermont-Ferrand.

Blaise Pascal, now reputed a geometrician of the first class, followed with a consuming ardour his favourite studies. At the age of nineteen he invented the *Arithmetical Machine* which bears his name. Some of the finest years of his life he devoted to the improvement of this contrivance; and he has himself informed us that one of his main reasons for doing so was, that it might be serviceable to his father in the discharge of his official duties. There can be no doubt, however, that he permanently injured his health in this laborious task, while he never succeeded in it to his wishes. The great Leibnitz took up the project of Pascal, and is understood to have

executed two models of a calculating-machine, at once more simple and effective than that of Pascal. But greatly as both these illustrious attempts merit our admiration, they failed in proving of any practical benefit to the world. It was reserved to our distinguished countryman, Mr. Babbage, at once to conceive and bring to practical completion such a calculating-machine as truly deserves the name, which not only computes, unaided, the problems given to it, but, moreover, *'corrects whatever errors are accidentally committed, and prints all its calculations.'*

The study of physics next engaged the active and restless curiosity of Pascal; and here a more successful reward awaited his labours. The attention of scientific men had already been drawn to several phenomena bearing upon the fact of atmospheric pressure. It had been found by the workmen engaged in the construction of the fountains at Florence for Cosmo de Medicis, that they could not raise water by means of a sucking pump beyond the height of thirty-one feet. Galileo was applied to for a solution of the difficulty. Imbued with the notion which had prevailed from all ages that the water follows the piston, because nature abhors a vacuum, he replied that this abhorrence of nature, in obedience to which the water at first rises, has yet a limited sphere of operation, and that it ceases to act beyond thirty-one feet. Somewhat dissatisfied himself, however, as might be conceived, with this explanation, he engaged his pupil Toricelli to investigate the subject, and endeavour to find a more rational and satisfactory cause of the phenomenon. Toricelli immediately suspected that the weight of the water had something to do with the particular degree of elevation at which it stood in the pump, and that of course a heavier fluid would not stand so high. He accordingly experimented with mercury, and the result of his experiment is so well known, and has been so popularly applied in the construction of the *barometer*, as scarcely to require mention. Having taken a tube of glass three feet in length, and completely closed at the bottom, he filled it with mercury, and then applying his finger to the higher end, and reversing the tube, he plunged it into a small basinfull of mercury, withdrawing his finger as he did so. After a few oscillations, the mercury settled at thirty inches, and he was hence, of course, led to the conclusion that the water in the pump, and the mercury in the tube, at the respective heights of thirty-one feet and thirty inches, exerted the same pressure upon the same base, and that both were necessarily counterbalanced by some fixed and determinate force. But what was this force? Learning from Galileo that the air was a heavy fluid, he formed the belief and gave publicity to it,

that the weight of the atmosphere pressing upon the water in the reservoir, and the mercury in the basin, was the counter-acting cause which sustained both suspended at their respective elevations. He did not live, however, to verify the important conclusions to which he had thus come. It remained to Pascal to place, by a series of novel experiments, the matter beyond all doubt.

Having heard from M. Mersenne of the experiments that had been made in Italy, he repeated them at Rouen with the same results, but without reaching at first any satisfactory explanation. He was at once led, indeed, from his own observation, to conclude that the ancient dogma of nature's abhorrence of a vacuum was a mere figment; ignorant, however, at this time of the suggestion of Toricelli as to the pressure of the atmosphere, he failed to strike into the right path of discovery. But shortly after he had published his views and researches on the subject, in 1647, he became acquainted with those of Toricelli, and at once entering into them, very soon formed the conception of an experiment which should leave the matter in no question. If the weight of the air was the cause of the suspension of the mercury in the tube of Toricelli, as he suggested, the mercury ought to stand at a less elevated height, according as the column of air which pressed upon the surface of the basin in which the tube stood was increased or diminished. If, on the contrary, the atmospheric pressure had nothing to do with the phenomenon, the mercury would always remain at the same elevation, whatever the height of the column of air. Pascal endeavoured himself so far to carry out this experiment, but the variation was too insignificant at ordinary heights to warrant any conclusive inference. He accordingly communicated with his brother-in-law in Auvergne, in order that he might try the experiment during an ascent of the Puy-de-Dome, a mountain of that province, about 3000 feet in height. 'Some circumstances,' says the Abbé Bossut, from whom we have borrowed much of the previous detail, 'retarded the execution of the project, but at length, on the 19th of September, 1648, it was performed with all possible exactitude, and the results which Pascal had predicted occurred from place to place. In proportion as they ascended the mountain, the mercury fell in the tube, the difference of level at its base and summit being upwards of three inches. In returning, the party renewed their observations with the same results.' When Pascal received information of these interesting particulars, he immediately computed the proportional fractional rise of the mercury within small elevations, and making the experiments again for himself

on the heights at his command in Paris, he found the results to correspond with his calculations. He was thus left in no doubt as to the correctness of Toricelli's suggestion, and all who merely sought to arrive at the truth were convinced that he had established it by the most satisfactory demonstration.

After he had thus ascertained that the atmospheric pressure was the true cause of the suspension of the mercury in Toricelli's tube, Pascal immediately saw that the column of mercury would also fluctuate with the changes of the weather. In order to verify this fact M. Perier made a series of observations at Clermont during the years 1659, 1650, and the three first months of 1651. M. Chanut, also, the French ambassador in Sweden, was engaged to make a similar course of observations at Stockholm, in which he was assisted by Descartes, who happened to be then resident in that city. It was fully proved by these observations that the column of mercury varied in length according to the temperature, the winds, the moisture, and other circumstances connected with the state of the atmosphere; and the Toricellian tube thus became adapted to the popular use, in which it is now so familiar to all, of indicating the changes of weather dependent upon the variations of the atmospherical column.

These discoveries made an extensive sensation in the scientific world, and greatly added to the reputation of Pascal. His triumph, however, was by no means unmixed. So ancient and venerated a dogma as nature's abhorrence of a vacuum was not so easily exploded. A degree of sacredness seemed to invest it from its very antiquity, and the Jesuits came to its rescue. When Pascal published his first experiments on the subject, made at Rome, in a work entitled '*Experiences nouvelles touchant le vide*,' P. Noel, a Jesuit, who was then rector of the College of Paris, violently attacked it. 'All the prejudices of a bad philosophy, and all the virulence of error,' were summoned to the assault. Pascal readily repelled the objections of the Jesuit; but the strength of the obstacles he had to encounter was thus painfully manifested to him. When his further discoveries became known, the Jesuits renewed their attacks, accusing him of appropriating the labours of Toricelli. He replied in a letter, giving a minute account of all his proceedings, and thus in the most effective way vindicating his distinctive claims to be reckoned as a discoverer along with the Italian. There can be no doubt that it is from this period we must date Pascal's relations of hostility to the Jesuits which have become so immortalized by the '*Provincial Letters*.' These repeated assaults upon the value of his scientific labours

provoked his indignation, and prepared the way for the merciless war which he subsequently carried on against them, with such infinite art and success.

But Pascal was destined to experience another and still more painful attempt to deprive him of the glory of his scientific researches. This attempt proceeded from no less distinguished a person than Descartes, who himself preferred a claim to be the original author of the suggestion of the experiment that was made on the Puy-de-Dome. In a letter to Careavi, of the 11th June, 1649, he put forward this claim. This letter Careavi immediately communicated to Pascal, who was one of his intimate friends; but from whatever cause, Pascal never condescended to notice it. It is supposed that his feelings were too much wounded by the assertion of Descartes to permit his making any reply. In the letter to which we have already alluded, wherein he detailed the whole course of his proceedings, he had distinctly claimed for himself the sole suggestion of the experiment on the Puy-de-Dome, while attributing to Toricelli all the merit of the previous discoveries. And it is utterly inconceivable that Pascal—who ‘was the very soul of honour,’—should have so specially claimed the conception of this experiment if he had received any hint of it from Descartes. The pretensions of Descartes, which are entirely unsupported, have been generally pronounced by subsequent philosophers to be groundless.

In spite of these obstructions, Pascal continued with avidity his physical researches, in the course of which he was led to the examination of the general laws of the equilibrium of fluids. It had been already long ago discovered by Archimedes that a solid body immersed in a fluid loses a proportion of its weight corresponding to its mass and figure. It had been farther ascertained that the pressure of a fluid upon its base is as the product of that base by the height of the fluid, and finally, that liquors pressed on all sides of the vessel containing them; but it still remained to determine the exact measure of this pressure before the general conditions of the equilibrium of fluids could be deduced. This Pascal successfully accomplished, by an experiment of making two unequal apertures in a vessel filled with a fluid and closed on all sides, and applying two portions pressed by forces respectively corresponding to the size of the apertures. The result he found, by two methods no less ingenious than convincing, to be that the fluid remained in equilibrio. He had thus the general principle that a fluid in equilibrio presses *equally* in all directions; and from this principle the different causes of the equilibrium of fluids were easily deduced.

His conclusion on this subject Pascal embodied in a treatise, intitled, '*De l'Equilibre des Liqueurs*,' composed in 1563; but not published till after his death. He also left behind him another treatise on '*The Weight of the Column of Air*,' which has been pronounced to form the basis of the modern science of Pneumatics.

The most important of the remaining scientific labours of Pascal was his invention of the famous arithmetical triangle, in the course of the researches connected with which he was also conducted to the doctrine of Probabilities—a branch of mathematical science which has subsequently, at the abler hands of Laplace and Poisson, received such important extension and improvement.

We have already remarked the injury that Pascal's constitution sustained from the intense devotion of his early studies. When only eighteen, his health had received a shock from which it never recovered. Henceforth it is said 'he never lived a day without pain.' In his twenty-fourth year he was attacked with paralysis, which, during three months, almost deprived him of the use of his legs. Shortly after this, he returned to Paris with his father and his sister Jaqueline, and there once more took up his residence. Moved by the solitudes of his family he gave himself some relaxation from his severer studies, and made several journeys into Auvergne and other provinces. In 1651, however, he had the misfortune to lose his father; and his younger sister, who had long meditated the intention of consecrating herself entirely to the service of religion, carried her design into effect in 1653, and became a nun in the famed convent of Port Royal des Champs. Thus withdrawn from the rest of his family, he returned with a fatal enthusiasm to his mathematical labours. His health was anew shattered; and the worst effects would speedily have followed, had not the actual failure of his powers, operating more convincingly than the counsels of his physician, forced him to abandon for awhile all study.

There was little previously known concerning the life upon which Pascal now entered for a brief period before his ultimate retirement from the world. Bossut only tells us in the most general manner that 'for the meditation of the closet he now substituted the promenade, and other similar exercises of a pleasing and salutary nature. He saw the world, and although always bearing a slight tinge of melancholy on his disposition, he there captivated by the power of a superior mind and his graceful accommodation to the learning of those whom he addressed.' Some have not hesitated to express the opinion that the thought-worn recluse now plunged, somewhat heedlessly,

into the current of mere worldly pleasures. All seem agreed that he gradually acquired a strong relish for the agreeable society in which he mingled, and that he had begun to dream of marriage. The following seems to be the true representation of this period of his life, according to the light which the labours of M. Faugères have thrown upon it.

His most intimate friend at this time was the Duke de Roannez, subsequently associated with his other friends in the publication of his 'Thoughts.' Captivated by his genius and devoted to his person, the duke, according to the expression of Margaret Perier, 'could not lose sight of him.' An apartment was reserved for him in his hotel, where he would sometimes remain for days, although possessing a house of his own in Paris. Here Pascal would seem occasionally to have mingled in the light and careless society in which the youth of Paris then moved. We cannot, however, imagine that such society in itself attracted his interest. It was more a study for him, serving to originate some of those trains of reflection which he afterwards pursued with such profit in the seclusion of Port Royal. As he listened to the conversational frivolities of a Chevalier de Méré, or the cynical sentiments of a Miton or Desbarreau, the first conceptions of his great vindication of morality and religion probably arose within him. 'He touched for a moment with his feet,' says M. Faugères, 'the impurities of this corrupt society, but his divine wings were never soiled.'

The blandishment which now filled Pascal with delighted distraction was something very different. Charlotte Gonffier de Roannez, the sister of his noble friend, then lived with him. About sixteen years of age, she possessed a captivating form and manner, while a sweet intelligence gave brightness and animation to her mere external graces. Pascal was constantly thrown in her company, and 'what so natural,' M. Faugères asks, 'as that he should love; and overlooking their disparity of rank, secretly aspire to a union with the possessor of charms so irresistible?' There can now, indeed, exist no doubt that he had ventured to cherish such feelings. Apart from the letters which he addressed to her at a later period, now published for the first time by M. Faugères, and so obviously revealing, under all the pious gravity of their style, a depth of tender solicitude which mere Christian interest will hardly explain, this fact is clearly established by the discovery of the fine fragment, entitled '*Discours sur les passions de l'Amour*.'*

* This fragment was brought to light by M. Cousin, and so highly did he value it that he considered it a sufficient reward of all his labours upon Pascal; labours to which we shall presently allude.

Here the evidence of a pure and fervid passion unmistakably manifests itself. 'None but one,' it has been truly said, 'who had himself deeply drank the sweet poison of love's intoxication, could have ever penned this beautiful fragment, pervaded by so intense and glowing an ardour and yet so delicate and refined a susceptibility, by such a beating and wildly glad emotion and yet so touching and profound a melancholy, by such a rapture and yet such a pathos.' With what a fine and exquisite hand does he portray the passion in all its varying moods, now roseate and flushed with joy, now drooping and pensive with tears, and now wild with anxiety. It is everywhere the touch of one who has himself owned all its mastery. There is besides a specialty of allusion to his own circumstances which leaves his cherished secret in no doubt. 'Man in solitude,' he says, 'is an incomplete being; he needs companionship for happiness. He seeks this most commonly in a condition on an equality with his own, because liberty of choice and opportunities are favourable in such a state to his views. But sometimes he fixes his affections on an object *far beyond his rank*; and the flame burns more intensely as he is forced to conceal it in his own bosom. When love is conceived for one of elevated condition, ambition may at first co-exist with passion; but the latter soon obtains the mastery. It is a tyrant which admits of no equality; it must reign alone; every other emotion must subserve and obey its dictates.'

We naturally ask with M. Faugères, did Pascal find his love returned by the sister of his noble friend? There is reason to believe so, when we see a correspondence established between them, implying the highest degree of esteem and confidence. But it is to be regretted that we know nothing of the letters of Mademoiselle de Roannez, and it is, in fact, only fragments of those of Pascal that have been preserved. The rigidity of the Jansenist copyists have left us only such passages as they thought might minister to edification.

But whether or not Pascal's passion was shared, circumstances did not favour it. He had then acquired but little of the celebrity which afterwards awaited him. His position was not a promising one, and his rank greatly inferior to that of the object of his attachment. Awakening from his brief enchantment, he no doubt deeply felt all this. He saw the vanity of the delicious dreams in which he had for awhile forgotten himself. An alarming incident, which had nearly proved fatal to him, co-operated strongly to rouse him from the soft indulgences which were weaving their spell around him. In the month of October, 1654, while taking his usual drive along the bridge of Neuilly in a carriage with four horses, the two

leaders become restive at a part where there was no parapet, and precipitated themselves into the Seine. Happily, the sudden violence of their leap broke the traces which yoked them to the pole, and the carriage remained on the verge of the precipice. The effects of such a shock upon the feeble and impaired frame of Pascal may be easily imagined. With difficulty he recovered from the swoon into which he had fallen; but so shattered were his nerves, that for long afterwards, during his sleepless nights and moments of depression, he constantly saw a precipice at his side, over which he seemed in danger of falling.

This striking incident has commonly been regarded as the sole cause which led to Pascal's retirement from the world. The probable truth would seem to be, however, that it only combined with his sense of the apparent hopelessness of his passion to make him seek a refuge from disappointment, and a nobler source of enjoyment, in the sublime meditations and devout observances of religion. His sister Jaqueline had already prepared the way for this. We are told by Madame Perier that she had contemplated with great anxiety the manner in which her brother was mingling so freely with the world, and earnestly besought him to quit it. And with his mind now awed by so narrow an escape from death, and his heart cherishing a secret affection of which he dared not anticipate the fulfilment, her entreaties readily prevailed with him, and he finally withdrew into the pious seclusion of Port Royal des Champs, and became the associate of the holy men who have given to this spot so undying a name.

The Abbey of Port Royal, after a long period of relaxed discipline, during which many abuses had crept into it, had at length attained a high renown for sanctity, under the strict and vigorous rule of the Mère Angelique Arnaud. Appointed to her high office, when only eleven years old, through a deceit practised upon the pope, she very soon began to manifest that she would be no party to the motives which had induced her election at so premature an age. An accidental sermon preached in the convent, when she had reached her sixteenth year, by a wandering Capuchin monk, left an impression upon her which was never effaced; and she set herself immediately to reform her establishment, and carried her measures into effect with a zeal and determination betokening that peculiar firmness of character which was destined to be so severely tried.

At this time the papal church in France was divided into the two great parties of the Jesuits and the Jansenists. The Abbey of Port Royal favoured the latter, and had, indeed, under the

directorship of M. de St. Cyran, become the great stronghold of this party. It would be out of place here to enter into the ground of this controversy. It will only be necessary to trace historically, in a few words, its rise, in order to enable the reader to understand the future relations and labours of Pascal.

There has, no doubt, always existed in the Church of Rome, a party attached to the peculiar tenets of St. Augustine. We can discover their existence and influence amid all the dark and confused phenomena of the middle ages; later, the Dominicans especially espoused these tenets in opposition to the Franciscans. Although discountenanced and overborne by the opposite party, under the guidance of the Jesuits, in the Council of Trent, there were still even then in the bosom of the Catholic Church many strong supporters of the Augustinian theology—a fact which was very soon elicited by the publication of a book by a Spanish Jesuit of the name of Molina, on some of the controverted points of doctrine. The views most opposite to those of St. Augustine were formally set forth in this book, with a considerable share of the peculiar scholastic ingenuity of the time. This attempt immediately roused the slumbering orthodoxy of the Dominicans. A wild and stormy discussion ensued. No fewer than sixty-five meetings and thirty-seven disputations were held before the pope on the subject. No decision, however, was pronounced by the papal see; and the conflict continued till both parties had begun somewhat to pause from their exhaustion, when a new circumstance excited it more vigorously than ever.

About the beginning of the seventeenth century, two young priests, who had been previously fellow students at Louvain, passed some years together in mutual study at Bayonne. The writings of St. Augustine principally engaged them; and, as a natural consequence, they both imbibed an ardent and lifelong love for his peculiar views. One of these was Jean Baptiste du Verger d'Hauranne, who afterwards became the Abbé de St. Cyran and the spiritual director of Port Royal. The other was the equally well-known Cornelius Jansen, subsequently bishop of Ypres. Smitten with so intense a love for the distinguishing tenets of St. Augustine, the latter made it the business of his life to arrange and systematize them in a volume under the title of 'Augustinus.' Being suddenly cut off by the plague in 1638, his scarcely-finished work was immediately published by his friend. At once the smouldering fire of the controversy was kindled into a new flame. The Jesuits rose in unanimous cry against the ill-fated volume; and so high and fierce was their indignation that they are even said to have demolished a splendid monument erected over the grave

of its author, and disturbed with impious hand his remains. One of their number, Nicolas Cornet, forthwith set himself to extract its alleged heresy in the shape of five propositions—which, by a bull of the pope, dated 31st May, 1653, were pronounced to be ‘heretical, false, rash, impious, and blasphemous.’ The friends of Jansen, however, maintained that the condemned propositions were not to be found in his book. Another papal decree was accordingly obtained, declaring that the propositions were not only heretical, but that they were contained in the ‘Augustinus.’ But this, as a matter of fact, the Jansenists boldly (!) pronounced to be beyond even the pope’s infallibility to determine; and so the war of words raged more bitterly and hopelessly than ever.

Among others who engaged in the strife was the celebrated Anthony Arnaud, doctor of the Sorbonne, and brother of the abbe. He was among the most illustrious of the band of students who had gathered around St. Cyran in the retirement of Port Royal des Champs; and, on the death of the former, who perished from the effects of his sufferings in the cause of his friend, Arnaud in a measure assumed his place. Deeply interested in the progress of the controversy, it was only to be expected that he should personally join in it. The old antagonist of Descartes and Malebranche was not likely to fear an encounter with the Jesuits. He accordingly published, in the year 1655, two letters on the subjects of discussion. Immediately he was made the object of the most unrelenting hostility. Two propositions were extracted from his second letter, upon which his colleagues of the Sorbonne sat in judgment, and which, after a prolonged discussion, they pronounced to be heretical, and consequently expelled him from their society. This decision was obtained by a very disgraceful combination of parties; the Dominicans having united with their old enemies the Jesuits against the defenders of Jansen, and subscribed a form of condemnation in which the two parties could only have agreed by interpreting the same terms in entirely different senses.

But in the meantime, and just before this sentence was published, a new antagonist had entered the field against the Jesuits. The first of the ‘Provincial Letters’ had appeared. The story of the origin of these inimitable letters is thus told:—

‘While Arnaud’s process before the Sorbonne was still in dependence, a few of his friends, among whom were Pascal and Nicole, were in the habit of meeting privately at Port Royal, to consult on the measures they should adopt. During these conferences, one of their number said to Arnaud, “Will you really suffer yourself to be condemned like a child, without saying a word, or telling the public the real state of the case?”

The rest concurred; and in compliance with their solicitations, Arnaud, after some days, produced and read before them a long and serious vindication of himself. His audience listened in coolness and silence, upon which he remarked—"I see you don't think highly of my production, and I believe you are right; but," added he, turning himself round and addressing Pascal, "you, who are young, why cannot you produce something?" The appeal was not lost. Pascal engaged to try a sketch which they might fill up; and, retiring to his room, he produced, instead of a sketch, the first Letter to a Provincial. On reading this to his assembled friends, Arnaud exclaimed, "That is excellent! That will do; we must have it printed immediately."

Pascal, by a happy intuition of genius, had just seized the right way in which to treat such a subject so as to win the public interest and favour. By bringing his clear and penetrating intellect and sound sense to bear upon the jargon which had become mingled up with the controversy, and the gross absurdity and injustice which had characterized it on the part of the Jesuits, he threw a flood of light upon it which engaged the most general curiosity, and left his opponents without any reply. The first letter fell like an unexpected dart among them, striking dismay into their ranks; and as the others followed at irregular intervals, becoming more pointed and fatal in their effects, their idle rage knew no bounds, and, unable to meet them with any effective weapons of argument, they could only exclaim, *les menteurs immortelles*—'the immortal liars.' Keen and perspicuous logic, the most effective and ingenious turns of statement, the most eloquent earnestness, the liveliest wit, the most good-tempered, yet unrelenting raillery, were all combined by Pascal in these memorable attacks. Nothing can be more felicitous than the manner in which he blends these various qualities, the unceasing intermixture of light and shadow, of the casual conversational pleasantry, the most careless sidelong strokes of sarcasm with the gravest invective and the most solemn argument, imparting to all the charm of dramatic interest. 'Molière's best comedies,' says Voltaire, 'do not excel them in wit, nor the compositions of Bossuet in sublimity.' 'There is more wit,' echoes Perrault, 'in these eighteen letters than in Plato's Dialogues, more delicate and artful raillery than in those of Lucian, more strength and vigour of reasoning than in the Orations of Cicero.'

It will not be necessary to present the reader with any analysis of these celebrated letters. They range over a great diversity of topics with the same rare compass and flexibility of comprehension—the same inimitable grace and facility of expression. The reader is carried captive with the intermingled

flow of humour and power—laughter, astonishment, and seriousness. The two first, which were published before the promulgation of the sentence against Arnaud, deal with the subject-matter of the controversy—the condemned propositions of Jansen, and the import of the disputed doctrines. The darkened and unintelligible squabble becomes, for the first time, clear in the strong light cast upon it. In the two following letters Pascal discusses the decision of the Sorbonne—exposing, with the keenest shafts of his wit, its injustice, and especially the inconsistency of the Dominicans, in making cause with the Jesuits, and so forswearing the doctrines of the ‘Angelic Doctor’* for whose authority they professed so unbounded a reverence. In the next six—still addressing his supposititious friend in the country—he lays open the whole subject of Jesuitical casuistry—unfolding gradually, and with the most ingenious effect, the accumulated mass of its absurdities and immoralities. In the remaining eight letters, he drops the style of address adopted in the preceding; and, turning directly to the Jesuits, he meets in the face the calumnies by which they had sought to impair the effect of his disclosures; and passes under review more at large, and in a more earnest and elevated strain, their whole system of maxims and morals. The lighter argument of his previous letters he exchanges for the most solemn and forcibly-sustained charges—overwhelming them in a torrent of indignant eloquence beneath the ruin of their own baseless crudities of doctrine and criminalities of practice. We have already mentioned with what successful power these famous letters told against the Jesuits; but it was not merely from the difficulties they had in replying to them that they found them so formidable. Their most fatal influence, perhaps, arose from the ridicule they excited in all classes against them. They were so entertaining that everybody read them. They penetrated into every rank of the Parisians, and even of the inhabitants in the provinces. They were seen ‘on the merchant’s counter, the lawyer’s desk, the doctor’s table, the lady’s toilet.’ ‘Never,’ says Father Daniel, ‘did the post-office reap such a profit. Copies were despatched over the whole kingdom, and I myself received a packet of them, post-paid, in a town of Brittany, where I was then residing.’ Even the political friends of the Jesuits participated in the mirth of which they were the objects. The seventh letter is said to have found its way to Cardinal Mazarin, who laughed over it very heartily. ‘The names of the favourite casuists were converted into pro-

* Thomas Aquinas.

verbs. *Escobarder* came to signify the same thing with 'paltering in a double sense.'* Father Bauny's grotesque maxims furnished topics for perpetual badinage; and the Jesuits, wherever they went, were assailed with inextinguishable laughter. Nor was this all. More serious effects followed. The popularity of the Jansenists, both as confessors and preachers, rose with the tide of ridicule against their enemies; and while their churches were crowded, those of the Jesuits were comparatively deserted. On all hands, the 'Provincial Letters' procured their discomfiture and chagrin; and it is impossible to conceive any mode by which they could have been more pitiously abased, and the standard of Right raised more victoriously over them, if the rude success of Might yet remained with them.

This, alas! the ill-fated Jansenists were soon destined to experience. Abetted by the government, the Jesuits pursued their purposes of hostility with an unrelenting hand, and a suppressed, but only more bitter hatred. On the 30th of March, 1656, two months after the condemnation of Dr. Arnaud, forcible measures were on the eve of being taken against the quiet inmates of Port Royal. An order in council was issued, that every scholar, postulant, and novice, should be banished from the convent. An extraordinary event, however, caused a respite of this proposed violence. A miraculous cure was supposed to have taken place in the person of Pascal's niece, Margaret Perier, a resident in the abbey. Its enemies were awed by this incident, and the popular sensation which attended it. A brief interval of unwonted prosperity followed; crowds of noble and distinguished devotees thronged the courts of the secluded abbey, and while the fashionable enthusiasm lasted, the nuns and students were safe from the vengeance of their enemies.

Threatening clouds, however, soon began again to gather around the fortunes of the Jansenists. The Jesuits patiently waited their time. A fresh bull was in the meantime obtained from Rome, reiterating the condemnation of the five propositions, and the declaration that they were in the 'Augustinus;' and further adding that the *sense* in which they had been condemned was the *sense* in which they had been stated by Jansen. In December, 1660, the young monarch, Louis XIV., gave effect to this bull. Having convened an assembly of bishops, an anti-Jansenist formulary based upon it was drawn up, and so framed as to entrap all who were not prepared to yield in the

* Introduction to M'Crie's Translation of the 'Provincial Letters,'—an interesting introduction to an admirable translation.

most implicit manner. The consequence was the commencement of a fierce and bitter persecution against the Port Royalists. The Mère Angelique taking the lead, refused to sign the formulary, and encouraged her nuns in the same course. Worn out as she was with suffering, and, indeed, dying, she maintained her integrity with a noble constancy. Neither entreaties nor tears could move her. She beheld her beloved establishment broken up—its sacred enclosures desecrated by the tramp of soldiery—her brother driven into exile; but she remained firm under all, and, after a bold remonstrance addressed to the queen, sought a quiet retreat where to breathe her last.

During the issue of these commotions, Pascal had somewhat strangely reverted to his long-abandoned scientific studies. Nothing can more strongly evince the strength and liveliness of his genius than the manner in which he returned to pursuits he had so early and completely laid aside. During one of the many nights which his almost continued suffering rendered sleepless, his mind was directed to the subject of the cycloid. A train of new thought respecting it occurred to him, which he traced to its results with a facility and success quite the same as if he had never left off his mathematical studies. In the short space of eight days he completed an original method of solving this class of problems, which ranks among his most brilliant claims to distinction as a geometrician.

The last years of Pascal's life, it is well known, were chiefly occupied with preparations for a great work which he meditated on the Christian religion. From the fragments which he left behind him, we can but faintly gather the outline of this work. There remains enough, however, to testify to the magnificence of its conception. Here lie, as it were, a noble pedestal, and there a sculptured pillar, and there an ornament of rich chasing and exquisite device; and we may imagine, although we cannot supply, the sublime temple which Pascal would have reared of these rare materials to the honour of his God had his life been spared. All the inconsistencies and exaggerations which critics now so easily detect in the 'Thoughts,' the mere broken pieces which were as yet to be hewn and moulded together by his consummate genius, would doubtless have disappeared as the fabric arose in compact beauty and strength under his plastic hand. Every exaggeration would have been softened down under the influence of his fine judgment and almost perfect taste, and what now remains a mere glorious project would have been a luminous work.

But if the 'Thoughts' are thus at the very best unfinished, we have hitherto only possessed them in a still more imperfect state

even than that in which they were left by Pascal. Fragments at the best, they have been still further broken and mutilated by the rude and impertinent hands of editors and commentators. The very singular and successive processes of corruption to which these fine remains have been subjected, furnish, in fact, one of the most extraordinary disclosures of literary history. We find that until the publication of M. Faugères' volumes we have never really possessed the 'Pensées' at all in their original shape. 'The book was in our libraries without being actually there,' as M. Vinet said. It was not in any veritable sense the work of Pascal, but a spurious compound of diverse authorship. The truth of this M. Faugères has established beyond all question. He sets in the clearest light, and traces in the most convincing manner, the various steps by which the work thus became corrupted.

It was first published, it appears, shortly after Pascal's death by his friends Arnould, Nicole, and others. They were unwilling to rouse anew the hatred of the Jesuits, whose hostility Pascal had so strongly provoked, and they therefore first of all expunged whatever might possibly be construed into offence by them. They then submitted the volume to a committee of *Doctors of the Sorbonne*, who again, on their part, made numerous retrenchments in it according to their pleasure. Such was the preliminary ordeal through which it passed before it ever saw the light at all, and in what a maimed and corrupted state it came forth from this ordeal it is needless to state. 'These fragments,' finely says M. Faugères, 'which sickness and death had left unfinished, suffered, without ceasing to be immortal, all the mutilation which an exaggerated prudence or misdirected zeal could suggest, not only with the view of improving their orthodoxy, but even their style,—*the style of the author of the Provincial Letters*.' Well may he add, with indignation:—'The style of Pascal! who among his cotemporaries or friends was capable even of always comprehending his exquisite style, so identified with his mind, that it is, as it were, only the thought itself robed in its own chaste nudity, like an antique statue? Only Corneille, or Bossuet, perhaps, would have accepted without fear of offending taste, the simple, yet strong expressions which flow from the pen of Pascal, especially when he dashes off the grand outlines of a first sketch.' Again, in reference to the corruptions of this first edition of the 'Thoughts,' M. Faugères explicitly states that 'there are not twenty successive lines which do not present some alterations, great or small; and as for total omissions, and partial suppressions, they are without number.'

Subsequently new editions were published by Condorcet and

Bossut. Both these editors gave to the public some additional remains of Pascal, but not only did they not succeed in correcting the errors of the first edition, but they added fresh errors of their own. Condorcet's edition, to which Voltaire added notes in a characteristic vein of mocking scepticism, may be said to have completed the work of corruption which these noble fragments have undergone. And when they could be so interpolated and travestied as to furnish food for the scoffing humour of Voltaire, we cannot well conceive any further process of degeneracy to which they could have been submitted.

M. Cousin deserves the credit of having first taken active steps to remedy this unsatisfactory state of things. He instituted, in 1843, an elaborate comparison between the published list of the 'Pensées' and the original MSS. of Pascal which had fortunately been preserved in the Royal Library at Paris; and being struck with their wide and serious discrepancy, he drew up a report on the subject, which he laid before the French Academy. This had the effect of exciting a prominent attention to the subject, and M. Faugères was found immediately ready to undertake a new edition in strict conformity with the original MSS. This task M. Faugères has executed in a most highly satisfactory manner. He has collected with industrious care the entire autograph MSS. of Pascal, and transferred them in their original and unmutated form to his pages. Notwithstanding the extremely fragmentary aspect that this has given to some portions of his volumes, he has wisely, we think, given us the whole, so far as the form of expression is concerned, as he found them, not having ventured on any emendation whatever. We should scarcely have been satisfied with less than this, after what the text had already suffered in the way of emendation. He has rightly restricted his labours to the arrangement and elucidation of the confused and intermingled fragments; and in this respect he has accomplished a most useful and noble task, for which all students of Pascal will thank him.

We cannot now enter upon any criticism of the worth of these 'Thoughts,' as now for the first time possessed by us in their genuine form. Such criticisms have been recently attempted in a manner which entirely meets our sympathy, and to renew the attempt here to any adequate effect would lead us far beyond our limits. We cannot help, however, commending these highest efforts of Pascal's genius to the earnest study of all in search of deep and satisfactory views of truth. At no purer fount, save the Bible, could they drink. And then, what a delight it is to come now for the first time into immediate commune with the genuine 'thoughts' of so great a soul! All unveiled, we read them just as they arose in the deep silence of his own lofty musing. We enter into his study, and see the great thinker at work.

But while Pascal thus meditated in seclusion, the shadow of death was creeping fast on him ; he was hastening to an early grave. With declining strength his devotional austerities rather increased than diminished. Sorrow also preyed upon him. Apart from his general sympathy with the sufferings of his Port Royalist brethren, he had specially to mourn the death of his sister Jacqueline, who fell a victim to the conflict between expediency and conscience in the matter of the formulary. Henceforth he seems to have secluded himself from the world more than ever, devoting his time especially to duties of charity. He had taken a poor man, with his whole family, to live in his house. One of the children having fallen ill of small-pox, he removed, at her earnest solicitation, to the house of his sister, Madame Perier, who had come to Paris with her family, just to be near him and watch over him. Almost immediately on his removal, he was seized with an alarming sickness. The physician did not apprehend any immediate danger, but he himself judged otherwise. He desired to have the sacrament administered to him, committed himself to the disposal of God, and, convulsions having supervened, he expired on the 19th August, 1662, in the fortieth year of his age.

Thus lived and died one who has left behind him an imperishable name equally in science, literature, and religion. Had he accomplished nothing more than the brilliant researches of his youth, he would yet have been remembered among the most illustrious of the noble band who ushered in the high advance of modern science ; but the succeeding lustre of his literary renown as the author of the 'Provincial Letters,' the mellow glory of his piety, and the lofty and comprehensive radiance of his genius, so conspicuous in the 'Pensées,' have nearly eclipsed the remembrance of his early scientific greatness. It is but seldom, surely, that we see so manifold a gift of mental endowment bestowed on any of the sons of men—a union of talents at once so splendid and so homely, so rich in the higher attributes that soar into the mystic empyrean of sublime contemplation, and at the same time in the observant, ingenious, and reflective faculties that range freely amidst the more complex phenomena of nature, the pettiest details of mechanical contrivance, or of literary argumentation, and the abstruser difficulties of the higher geometry.

The personal character of Pascal is no less fitted to draw our love than his many high intellectual qualities our admiration. Sweetness of temper, warmth of affection, the most unassuming simplicity, and the gentlest humility, are the features that beam forth upon us in all his conduct and writings. Amid all the temptations of his controversy with the Jesuits, he never forgets that benignant courtesy which tempers with grace even the wound

which it inflicts; and however strong may be the current of righteous indignation in which his eloquence sometimes flows, it is never agitated by the turbulence of asperity, nor the foul energy of abuse. He was too penetrated by the 'divine spirit of charity to permit his taking any unfair advantages against even such enemies as the Jesuits. His labours of active benevolence were unceasing; his generosity knew no bounds; he even beggared himself by his prodigal benefactions; he did what few do, mortgaged even his expectancies to charity.'

The depth and sincerity of Pascal's piety it were needless to dwell upon. No one ever cherished more profound and influential convictions of religion, or sought more thoroughly to resign himself to their sacred sway. He lived continually as under the 'great taskmaster's eye.' He dwelt with a delighted earnestness on the lofty ideal of Christian virtue, and few characters have, perhaps, borne in greater purity and loveliness the impress of some of its higher features. It must be confessed, at the same time, that there was much in Pascal's views of religion that cannot be commended. In the later years of his life, especially, its darker and less cheerful aspects were far too predominantly present with him. The awful shadow of eternity lay on him so heavily as almost to conceal the brightness of earth, and check the warm and genial flow of natural affection. Suffering seems not only to have chastened, but depressed and darkened his spirit, so that he felt distrustful even of the blessings of life, and shrank from its joys. It is, we believe, undoubted that his ascetic practices were of the most rigid and unyielding nature. He is even said to have worn beneath his clothes a girdle of iron with sharp points affixed, which he struck into his side whenever he felt his mind disposed to wander from religious objects or take delight in things around him. And he gives deliberate expressions to the feelings under which he thus acted in such sayings as the following:—'I can approve only of those who seek in tears for happiness.' 'Disease is the natural state of Christians.' We need not say how great a misconception of Christianity these statements present. Blessed, no doubt, are the uses of affliction; but blessed also are the uses of prosperity; and the Christian is to be educated as well by the light and warmth of bright days, and benign and joyful affections, as by the sad painfulness of disease and the shadowed loneliness of sorrow. So far from Christianity requiring from us the abnegation of any of the true and pure emotions of our nature, it is its very glory that it consecrates and hallows them all—that it invests them with a higher interest and a more enduring loveliness. Under whatever misconception, however, and formal extravagances, as may appear in the writings or life

of Pascal, we must not forget the rare Christian strength and beauty that lay beneath ; the faith which bore him with so meek a fortitude through all his trials, and the love which never wearied in its labours and never wasted in its strength.

As a writer, we have already so far spoken of Pascal. In this capacity it is not too much to say that he shines with the brightest lustre. There is at once a breadth of power and a felicity of touch in all his literary productions which stamp them classical, and may be said to have already placed them beyond all the ordinary chances of oblivion. The singular purity and finish of his style are proverbial. It is copious and powerful, yet flexible and easy, owning the lightest play of thought, rising at times into passages of transcendent compass and beauty, yet moving gracefully and tastefully in the least laboured sketches ; as M. Faugères truly says, 'lofty without exaggeration, everywhere replete with emotion, yet self-sustained, animated without turbulence, personal without pedantry or egotism, at once magnificent and modest.'

And thus we close our cursory sketch of the life and works of this great man. Familiar as may be his name, his works, we are pretty sure, are yet but very partially familiar, and models as they are both in style and sentiment, at once adorned with the brightest graces of literary art, and full of the deepest springs of thought, we know of none that will more amply reward a close and repeated study.

ART. III.—*Memoirs of the Baroness D'Oberkirch, Countess de Montbrison.* Written by herself, and Edited by her Grandson, the Count de Montbrison. In 3 volumes. London: Colburn and Co.

THE Baroness D'Oberkirch was born in June, 1754, in Upper Alsace, and was the daughter of Francis Louis, Baron de Walder, who held in succession several military appointments, and was president of the resident nobility in the circle of Suabia. He was a Protestant ; and his daughter, we are told, was baptized in the parish church, 'in the holy evangelical Protestant faith.' Her mother died when she was only three or four years old ; and her early training was, in consequence, confided to her godmother, who appears to have discharged the trust with discretion and diligence. Speaking of her father's castle, Schweighausen, she tells us :—'We lived there in quiet and retirement, receiving the visits of our relatives and friends, praying to the Lord, and practising his holy religion ; listening to the spoken

word of God, and treasuring it up in our bosoms. Every evening we assembled round my father, who endeavored to repay, by the extreme tenderness of his affection, the loss we had sustained in my mother. We listened to his conversations with my uncles or the pious clergymen who often visited us at the castle. He related historical facts, the high deeds of our ancestors and of the people of Alsace, who have never bent beneath a foreign yoke, and scorned to admit a master.' At the age of fifteen she was introduced to the family of Duke Frederick Eugene de Wurtemberg, who had then just taken up his residence at Montbéliard, and the intimacy ripened into a lasting friendship between herself and the eldest daughter of the Duke, who afterwards became the wife of Paul, the Emperor of Russia. 'I was as much at home,' she says, 'with this royal family as if I had lived with them all my life. She who was to ascend the throne of the Czars, she who was to be mistress of half Europe, treated me as a sister—as an equal. She lavished on me the tenderest affection and the most unbounded confidence, and allowed me to enjoy all the sweet familiarities of a mutual affection.' Under these circumstances, we are not surprised at the somewhat exaggerated terms in which the Baroness speaks of the Princess Dorothea. This intimacy was maintained through very chequered scenes, and contributed largely to the introduction of the former to the highest circles of French society. Her natural temperament, and the character of her early training, may be gathered from the following brief extract;—

'My father wished to go to Strasburg this year, 1776. We were delighted with our visit; the society was of the highest fashion, numerous and exceedingly gay. I began to love balls and fêtes; it was natural at my age; however, I have never transgressed the bounds of the severe morality in which I was educated, nor swerved for a moment from the hereditary dignity of my family. We Protestants are accused of stiffness; we certainly set a high value upon reserve in the conduct of women, and strict moral principles. We are convinced that the purest happiness is to be found in domestic life, in a close adherence to the rules of honour, and a solemn respect for the holiness of the marriage tie. We are, perhaps, on that account, less fascinating, but more trustworthy.'—Vol. i., pp. 73, 74.

In the same year she was married to Baron D'Oberkirch, an estimable man, who, though nearly twenty years older than herself, contributed greatly to her happiness by unceasing kindness and much deference to her wishes. The fruit of this marriage was a daughter, for whose special edification these 'Memoirs' were written. They are composed from three journals, kept in 1782, 1784, and 1786, in the first of which years she accompanied the Princess Dorothea, then travelling with her husband, the Arch-

duke, under the title of the Count and Countess du Nord; and in the last two she was at Paris, on the urgent invitation of the Duchess de Bourbon. 'I shall often be obliged,' she says, 'to relate things alike repugnant to my feelings and my principles, but which portray the epoch in which we live. I will, however, avoid low gossip, not possessing a talent for that style of writing which gives such things currency. I record facts either more or less serious, and I will have at least the merit of an exact adherence to truth.'

It has been necessary to premise thus much, in order that our readers may duly estimate the opinions which are expressed; and we must further report, for their information, that the Baroness was not a whit behind her contemporaries in the importance she attached to hereditary distinctions, then approaching so terrible a crisis. She was amongst the most ardent worshippers of an interminable genealogy, and sometimes exhibits this weakness in a ridiculous, if not an offensive form. Such things were characteristic of her class and times; nor have we altogether escaped the infection. Other idols have, indeed, arisen. Our commercial character enables wealth to compete with genealogy; but the same radical evil may be traced under the various forms assumed. It is an unhealthy, and must be a pernicious state of things, when the accidents of birth are received as substitutes for personal qualities, and constitute a passport to society, if not to respect, whatever the folly or the vices with which they are connected. 'I ask,' says the Baroness, referring to her daughter's marriage, 'in my son-in-law only high birth; there is a remedy for every defect but the want of that.' Had her wish been gratified—and we know not whether it was so—she might still have had a knave or a fool for her son-in-law,—so short-sighted and absurd are such preferences. We are not disposed to underrate the value of 'high birth,' nor are we the abettors of a levelling theory. Let not hereditary distinctions, however, be unduly exalted. Above all, let them never be substitutes for personal merit, or an occasion of reflecting on those whose virtues and genius point them out as the true nobility of our race.

The period of Madame D'Oberkirch's entrance into public life was deeply interesting, in whatever light it be viewed. It was towards the close of the reign of Louis XV., whose vices had rapidly matured the disaffection of his subjects. A slave to his mistresses, their caprice became a law to his kingdom, and the corruption of the court spread like a terrible infection through the land. Few monarchs were more worthless. There were no redeeming qualities in his character or policy; and his licentiousness was sometimes indulged in forms so gross as to

make the stoutest worshippers of royalty tremble and blush. This monarch died in 1774, having accomplished no other end than that of preparing the tragedy which followed. Our fathers were horrified at the atrocities of the first French revolution. We do not wonder at it. Such deeds had never been perpetrated before. Individuals may have equalled the wickedness of some of the Jacobin leaders; but history records no parallel of a great people surrendered to the domination of furious and malignant passions, or rather of the scum of a populous city carrying on for a time a successful crusade against the luxuries of wealth, the distinctions of rank, and the yet nobler endowments of intellect and virtue. Looking at the barbarities daily practised, our fathers could not find terms sufficiently strong to express their abhorrence of the revolutionists. In their horror at what they heard and saw, they forgot the mitigating circumstances which might have been pleaded, and which go to show that though the Robespierres and the Marats of the revolution cannot be cleared of the foulest crimes, their guilt was shared with their victims, and grew out of the example and influence of the higher orders of society. The tragedy enacted under Louis XVI. was the terrible retribution of a maddened and imbruted people for ages of misgovernment. It was not in the nature of things that the Sansculotism of Paris should start at once full grown on its diabolical career. It had been nurtured from ancient times. Kings and queens, the noblesse and the clergy, had contributed to its growth. With a blindness for which it is difficult to account, they had heaped up wrath against the day of wrath; and when at length the hour of vengeance came, their own frivolities and crimes had prepared the instruments of their torture. So brutal and ferocious a community could be formed only by grinding oppression, the lowest grade of poverty, unparalleled ignorance, and a strong conviction of the immoralities and baseness of the higher orders of society. The leaders of the French had sown the wind, and it was not, therefore, strange that they reaped the whirlwind.

The chief interest of such works as the present consists in the illustrations they afford of the preparation silently going on for this terrible consummation. Madame D'Oberkirch was no genius. Her mental powers were not above the ordinary level; she was incapable of seeing further than other people; and her morality, though superior to her class, was not so rigid and high-toned as to make her fully sensible of the corruption and worthlessness which reigned about her. Yet she was a woman of quick observation, and happily adopted the plan of noting down much of what she saw and heard. She was admitted to the best society, and supplies many

touching, though undesigned, illustrations of the process which was destined to elicit so dark and tragical a result. Many of her records are mere trifles with which we could readily dispense, were it not that they yield a glimpse into the hollowness and corruption of the society whose exterior was so fascinating. It was the whiteness of the sepulchre, the beauty of consumption. Men gazed upon it with admiration, and lived on its smile; but when its hour came they saw only the contents of the grave, or the ghastly hue of death. But it is time we turn to the volumes themselves; and we are mistaken if our readers, amidst much that is worthless, will not discover many things to interest and inform them.

Marie Antoinette is one of those historical personages about whom it is difficult to ascertain the truth. Her personal beauty and tragical death invest her with a charm against which the most phlegmatic are not proof, while they array in her defence the chivalry of gallant and noble natures. The sublime genius of Burke found here an inspiring theme; and even the rigid moralist, in censuring the frivolities and evil counsels of the queen, is unconsciously influenced by admiration of the woman. She was married to the dauphin, afterwards Louis XVI., in 1770, and is described as of exquisite beauty. Her popularity was at first great; she was the idol of the court, and the people sympathized with their superiors. 'The queen,' says our author, in the year 1784, 'looked more than usually beautiful; and she was very well received, for she was then beloved; people had not yet begun to calumniate her, or if they did it was not publicly.' Our author's introduction to the queen was under advantageous circumstances. She was in attendance on the Countess du Nord, which induced her majesty to dispense with the ordinary form of presentation. The Russian court were engaged to dine with the royal family, and the following brief sketch introduces a brilliant scene, of which history records few parallels:—

'The grand-duchess shone at this dinner, and displayed an intelligence and tact very uncommon at her age. The etiquette observed at public receptions at court is so fatiguing and wearisome to princes that I do not know how they can ever become reconciled to it. After dinner the entire court assembled in the saloon *de la paix*, where there was to be a concert. There were places in the gallery for persons who had been presented, but had not received invitations from the queen. The palace was all brilliantly illuminated, as on days of high ceremonial. A thousand chandeliers depended from the ceilings, and every bracket supported a branch holding forty wax-lights. The effect was magical. It would be impossible to give an adequate description of the splendour and richness of the decorations, of the magnificence of the dresses, or of the matchless beauty of the queen, who lent a grace and charm to everything around her.

' Her majesty was told that I had the honour of being the intimate friend of the grand-duchess, but that, not being a Russian, I could not be presented with her. She immediately sent me an invitation to her concert, and whilst we were at dinner, a lady of the court called on me to say that the queen would dispense with the ceremony of my presentation.

' "Madame," said the queen to the Countess du Nord, "it would have been a strange oversight in me to have separated you from your friend at the very moment that I was seeking to surround you with everything that could give you pleasure."

' Her majesty received me with excessive goodness and amiability, and said—

' "Madame, I do not know which I ought to envy most, you the friendship of the Countess du Nord, or her the possession of so faithful a friend, as I understand you to be."

' Never shall these words be effaced from my remembrance, nor the gentle glance by which they were accompanied.

' The queen made me sit behind her and the Countess du Nord, between Madame de Beckendorf and Madame de Vergennes, and did me the honour of addressing me five or six times during the concert.

' "You come from a province, baroness, that I thought very beautiful and very loyal when I passed through it. I never can forget that I was there first greeted by the French; that it was there they first called me their queen."

' She asked me, a little while after, how many children I had, and when I replied that I had but one daughter, she said—

' "It is a pity that you have not a son; but I hope that you will have one, as I am sure that he would serve the king as faithfully as his ancestors have done." —Ib. pp. 242—244.

Louis XVI. was, in many respects, the opposite of his queen. He was 'very timid, and always a little embarrassed by ceremonials.' His habits, moreover, were simple; and had he fallen on other times, and been surrounded by councillors whom he might safely have trusted, he would have possessed the goodwill, though he could never have commanded the admiration or respect of his people. It was his unhappiness to inherit the odium due to the misgovernment and vices of his predecessors, and his own infirmity of purpose and feebleness of character unfitted him to stem the torrent which had at length risen above its artificial embankments. He had no settled principles, was weak and vacillating, and stood aghast at the tempest which was raging, in absolute ignorance of the wants of his people, and of the character of the epoch which had arrived. He was the tool of his court, and was swayed to and fro, according to the caprice or passion of his queen.

' As a recreation, Madame Bombelles took me to visit the apartments and cabinets of the king, which I had not yet seen. They were not so handsome or as much ornamented as those of the queen. The simplicity

of Louis XVI.'s taste is seen in everything about him. We ascended by a private staircase to a small room at the very top of the palace, where the king works as a locksmith, an occupation in which he takes great pleasure. As I entered this apartment, filled with tools, I was greatly impressed by these evidences of the simple tastes of so great a monarch.'—*Ib.* p. 257.

Such tastes, unassociated with other qualities of a regal order, were not adapted to an age of unbridled licentiousness, in which the worst forms of vice were practised. Never was a community more thoroughly corrupt than Paris at this time. It was the nearest approach to pandemonium which modern history presents. From the throne to the garret or the cellar, from the noble of ancient lineage to the poorest mechanic, it was one mass of evil. Selfishness, rapacity, lust, matrimonial infidelity, brutalizing ignorance, and the most grovelling superstition, were the reigning divinities, and their temples were crowded by worshippers who were earnest in nothing else. Of this state of things the baroness affords an occasional and partial glimpse:—

'One of the ulcers of society, which is every day becoming more envenomed, and which will prove fatal if a remedy be not applied, is the attention paid by gentlemen to actresses and to women who disregard the ties of marriage. They devote a great deal of their time to them, not publicly, for they dare not do that, but in private. How many men ruin their properties to deck such women with gold and jewels! It is an unparalleled scandal, repugnant to every upright mind, and to which no remedy has been yet applied, notwithstanding the lamentations of families. I have no desire to set myself up as a moralist, but I confess that I have often congratulated myself upon not having a son, that I may be free of this and other embarrassments.

'A spirit of unbridled licence is abroad. The free-and-easy manners which gentlemen acquired in the society of these *demoiselles* have spread their contagion in circles within which deference should never be laid aside. Loose expressions are used in presence of the most respectable women. This is a trait of manners that I would not wish to omit, and of which the source is very remote. Volumes may be written on this truth, which is *too true*, as Figaro says.'—*Ib.* pp. 320, 322.

The character of Joseph II. of Austria, brother of Marie Antoinette, is thus briefly sketched. He was at this time on a visit at Montbéliard:—

'We were afterwards presented to Joseph, who made a most agreeable impression on me. He seemed to be proud—not of his high position, but of his personal superiority. He was very tall, but held himself perfectly straight. He wore a wig, which he sometimes, unconsciously, pulled awry. His manners were noble and simple, too simple perhaps; and certainly his visit did no service to France, where it tended to bring royalty into discredit by putting kings on a level with the lower classes of society, who were not slow to profit by the circumstance. Joseph II.'s

sense of justice, his moderation, his humanity, made him adored by his subjects, whilst his gracious and unaffected manners inspired at first sight as much affection as respect. I have already expressed this opinion, and I now repeat it. I have but one reproach to make him, it is on the subject of philosophic tendencies. He ambitioned, it is said, to walk in the footsteps of the great Frederick. He wished to digest and put into operation a new plan of government conformable to his new ideas. As far as my limited knowledge would allow me to judge, I think that he made a mistake. All philosopher as he was, he did not call to see M. de Voltaire, at Ferney, a loss for which the patriarch could scarcely console himself.—*Ib.* pp. 172, 173.

Of the character of Paul we have a much more favorable account than is usual. He is known to history as an eccentric and impulsive monarch, whose reign did not realize its early promise. His assassination in 1801 dissolved the Baltic coalition, which had seriously threatened British interests. By our countrymen his faults have been magnified by the medium through which he has been viewed. His early secession from the northern alliance, the embargo he laid on English vessels in Russian ports, and the friendly disposition he cherished towards Buonaparte, have served to magnify our estimate of his faults, and to conceal the better qualities of his character and policy. At the time of his marriage to the Princess Dorothea in 1776, he was under the imperious rule of his mother, who was exceedingly jealous of power, and sought to prevent his taking part in political affairs. The princess, shortly after her marriage, speaks of him in terms of impassioned affection, as 'the most adorable of husbands;' and six years afterwards, when he was twenty-eight years of age, he is thus described by our author:—'His first appearance was not prepossessing. He was very small, and his face would be considered plain even amongst the northern races; but on a nearer view, his features revealed an expression of intelligence and refinement, his eyes were brilliant and animated, and, notwithstanding the astute smile that played about his lips, his countenance wore an habitual air of calmness and repose.'

The following anecdote is a thousand times more interesting than the notices given of the salons and beauties of Paris. It exhibits, in a most favorable light, the character of the distinguished personages to whom it relates, and increases our regret that the archduke was not placed in circumstances suited to develop and mature the better qualities of his mind. Speaking of a visit to the collegiate church of Aix-la-Chapelle, the Baroness tells us:—

'At the moment that we came out of the church, one of the children attached to the choir, and who was attending the clergyman engaged in

doing the honours to their imperial highnesses, gave an affectionate salute to a poor woman who was sitting at the foot of a column. She held upon her knees a crippled child covered with a few rags. The grand-duke, whose glance nothing can escape, saw the sign of recognition, and observed the poverty of the poor woman : he stopped, and asked if this child was hers. The poor creature, astonished at being addressed by so great a personage, appeared stupified, and neither rose nor answered. The canon repeated the question a little more sharply.

"Softly, softly, M. Canon," said the prince, "do not embarrass this poor woman ; she will comprehend better in a minute. Is this child yours, my good woman ?"

"Oh yes, sir, it is indeed mine ! but it would not be alive now but for that little angel that is standing there behind his reverence."

Every eye was now turned towards the little choir-boy, who drew back quite ashamed.

"Do not be ashamed of performing a good action," said the prince.

"Come, tell us what this child has done for you, and we will see if there be any means of recompensing him, by aiding him in his work of charity. Is he a relation of yours ?"

"No, sir, he is not a relation ; but I love him as much as I do my daughter."

And then the poor woman, who had quite recovered from her embarrassment, related how, on Palm-Sunday, she was returning from the gate of the church, where she had been asking alms, and how she found herself and her little daughter entangled amid a crowd of carriages belonging to the Bishop of Liege, who officiated on that day. Very much alarmed, she attempted to run, her foot slipped, she fell on the pavement, and her child was thrown forward at some paces distant. The little girl's arm was broken, and she would have been trampled under foot by the horse were it not for little Hans, who sprang towards her, and bore her away at the peril of his own life. Since that day he shared with the mother and daughter the fruits of his labours : himself an orphan, and without relations, he adopted those that Providence had sent him, and endeavoured to support those whose lives he had saved. He was bound to a wheelwright, and earned fifteen sous per day, besides what he gained at the chapter. All his earnings were given to his adopted mother ; but as the little girl had never recovered the effects of her accident, the entire was expended at the apothecary's in drugs. He had scarcely enough to eat, and was almost destitute of clothing ; but the generous Hans cheerfully submitted to every privation. The grand-duchess, with tearful eyes, poured the contents of her purse into the apron of the poor woman ; who, having never before seen so much money, thought that it was all a dream.

"I am sure that in doing this, I recompense Hans more largely than if I gave him twice that sum for himself. But he shall not be forgotten."

Their imperial highnesses purchased for Hans the establishment of a wheelwright, which was to be worked for him until he should be of an age to undertake the management of it himself.—Vol. ii. pp. 130—132.

The frivolity and unreflecting joyousness of the Parisians are frequently noticed ; and those who looked only at the surface, and

estimated the state of things in France by the standard of other countries, might well mistake the signs of the times. 'All were so gay,' remarks our author, 'cries of joy, hurras, and shouts of applause, re-echoed from all sides. They drank and sang to their full content, while some danced to the sound of music.' Who could foresee in this gaiety and lightness of heart the ferocity and bloodthirstiness which were so soon to render Paris an Aceldama? The earth was clothed with beauty; and the gay walkers upon it knew nothing of the terrible convulsion whose materials were gathering below. The same features continued to distinguish French society at a later period. Speaking of 1784, the Baroness tells us:—'After the opera, we went to the Tuileries, then the fashionable promenade; but as the Parisians do everything through caprice, they selected one alley, and would not take a step in any of the others. All were suffocating; some persons almost fought. The buttons of the gentlemen's coats carried off the lace trimming of the ladies' mantelets; falbalas were torn by the pommels of swords, and flounces of point lace were sometimes seen dangling from the end of a scabbard.'

Some few men of profounder reflection than ordinary looked beyond the present moment, and dreaded the storm that was gathering. Society was, indeed, corrupted to its very core; and, as is common at such times, a host of strange fantasies were abroad, each of which had its zealous abettor. Even such observers as Madame D'Oberkirch could not at all times free themselves from gloomy apprehensions. 'Is it not strange,' she asks, 'that this century, so immoral, so philosophically boastful, and so sceptical, has, as it approaches its close, become not believing, but credulous, superstitious, and inclined to the marvellous. It is like an aged sinner who trembles at the thought of hell, and fancies that he repents because he fears. Around, one can scarce see anything but sorcerers, adepts, prophets, and necromancers; and everyone has visions, presentiments—and, strange to say, all are bloody, all threatening. What will be the latter years of this century, which was so brilliant at its commencement, during which so much has been written in proof of its Utopian theories of materialism, and which now can think only of the soul, and of its superiority over the body, and over instinct! I dare not think of it. All that an impartial person can or ought to do is, to lay before the world all they see, all they hear, and leave to posterity the decision that we cannot give. One cannot be at the same time judge and partizan.'

At a still later period, after reporting a discreditable anecdote of M. de Talleyrand, she remarks, 'How depraved is the

present generation ! God alone only knows when all this will end !' This is the language, be it remembered, not of a philosopher or a prude, but of a woman of fashion, superior, it is true, to the morals of her class, but not disposed to magnify their vices, or to apply to human conduct a standard of ideal excellence. And yet we are called on by maudlin sentimentalists to regard the victims of the *revolution* with unmixed sympathy. We can do nothing of the kind. We pity suffering humanity under whatever form it appears, but cannot so far confound good and evil, as to invest the effete libertines and licentious beauties of the salons and theatres of Paris, with the virtues which entitle to respect and admiration. They paid a bitter penalty; but no sound moralist, even while condemning the agents of their punishment, will overlook their demerit and guilt. As they sowed, so they reaped, and the tale of their sorrows reads an instructive lesson to mankind. The literary men, to whom it is fashionable to attribute so many of the evils which visited France, were no favorites with our author. 'I consider these men,' she says, 'as the primary cause of all the later misfortunes of France, and detest them with all my soul.'

Madame de Staël, as might have been anticipated, is sketched with the bitterness of a devotee to the old order of things; yet the superiority of her genius is admitted. The writer had too much good sense to deny the latter, though her attachment to fashions which were passing away led her to misunderstand what she terms the 'prudery' of the illustrious Genevese.

'The Duchess of Bourbon was very ill to-day, and sent for me early. I went, and remained the entire day with her. She received a great many visits this day, during which there was a great deal of conversation about court and city, and, as may be supposed, the neighbour was not spared. The chief topic was, the presentation of Madame de Staël, whose inelegant appearance was thought quite out of keeping with the refinement of Versailles. She was described as ugly, awkward, and affected. M. de Staël, on the contrary, is very handsome and well bred, and seemed to be very little pleased by the impression that his wife made. Since her marriage, Madame de Staël has made herself perfectly ridiculous by her prudery and pretensions, and has the blindness to mistake the starched manners of Geneva and the impertinent airs of a parvenue for the deportment of a fine lady. Her mother, Madame Necker, who is the most detestable pedant in the world, has been exceedingly ungrateful to M. Thelusson, with whom M. Necker was cashier, and to whom he owes all his success. M. Necker is universally detested, on account of the injury that his system has done; and this prejudice against the father is an injury to the daughter, who is undoubtedly a woman of genius, although her ideas have taken a false direction, and her Genevese origin is constantly revealing itself, notwithstanding the superiority of her understanding and the dignity of her position.'—Vol. iii. pp. 206, 207.

We must close our extracts with the following anecdote of the times of the Regency, which was told our author by the Chevalier de Morney, an old man of eighty-four, who was governor of St. Cloud at the time of her visit to that celebrated palace. The chevalier had been page to the Regent during the reign of Louis XIV., of whom and of his court he related many incidents. Being asked what he was thinking of at the time of her arrival, he replied,—

“What was I thinking of? I was thinking of a circumstance that few persons know, that happened here one evening, when I was but sixteen, and that I do not think it would be right to tell.”

“But you will tell it to us, chevalier,” said I, softly; “it will give us so much pleasure.”

“Yes, I may tell it *to you*, who are Germans, and will not laugh at it. I could have laughed at it myself when I was young, not so young as twenty or sixteen; then, I can assure you, I looked on it as seriously as the actors in the tale themselves. Well, then, at this cascade, where I am now sitting old and infirm, I have seen, on a lovely night in autumn, Mademoiselle Orleans, the most beautiful creature that God ever made, kneeling beside my poor fellow-page, M. Saint Maixent (a noble gentleman from Anjou), and heard them both vow eternal fidelity. The princess swore to enter a convent, and he to seek death upon the battle-field; and they were both faithful to their promises: she became abbess of Chelles, and he received a bullet in the breast from the firelock of a Spaniard. He was not twenty: 'tis only in early youth that one has sufficient romance to commit such sublime extravagance.”

“What, M. le chevalier, he sought death in battle, and she retired to a convent? They must have loved each other then?”

“Of course, they loved each other; and the duchess of Orleans, who poked her nose everywhere like a ferret, suspected it. They at first wished to marry and run away; but, fortunately for the princess, her lover was an honest man, and would not degrade the royal family. She was quite determined, and nothing else could restrain her. All the regent's daughters were so strange! The lovers came here to breathe their last adieu, whilst I and one of the princess's women kept watch. The princess wished to fly; but St. Maixent begged her not to destroy her future peace by such an act, and to submit to fate, since it was impossible that they could be united. He flung himself at her feet, and swore upon his honour that no other should ever possess his love; and as he could not obtain the only happiness he desired on this earth, he would seek an honourable death. I see the whole scene again; there is the opening between the trees, that allows the moonlight to show their graceful and youthful forms, and there I see the princess kneel beside her lover, and swear that she would never marry, that she would leave the court and go into a convent. ‘Are you satisfied now?’ said she; ‘destiny cannot separate us altogether.’ He kissed her hands and wept passionately, and I, though only a spectator, cried like a child.

“The princess kept her word, and, spite of all the entreaties and commands of her family, retired to Chelles. A thousand different reasons

were given for her conduct; some even said that she was attached to her dancing-master, Caucheran; but I have told you the real cause. The duchess took very good care not to publish this, as she did everything; she was in a terrible rage, and had the most deadly horror of a misalliance. Poor St. Maixent! He was worthy of being loved; I have never met any one like him since."—*Ib.* pp. 3—5.

We have rarely met with a work which illustrates more fully the period to which it relates than the one before us. The Baroness D'Oberkirch was the intimate friend of some of the most distinguished personages of her day. She was frequently in the society of emperors and kings, queens and duchesses, and her faculty of observation, and habit of immediately recording her impression, render her volumes as instructive as they are entertaining. The most fastidious may read them without offence, for, though pleased occasionally with a little scandal, she scrupulously avoids the grosser class of anecdotes with which French memoirs frequently abound. Nor does this omission detract from the completeness of her picture. The best informed may gather fresh knowledge from her pages, while all will be pleased with the variety of her experience, and the tact with which she has exhibited the more prominent features of French fashionable life. We commend her '*Memoirs*' as a work of light, pleasant, and instructive reading, from which some explanation may be gathered of a social problem that has perplexed and mystified many subtle minds.

ART. IV.—*The Three Colonies of Australia: New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia; their Pastures, Copper Mines and Gold Fields.* By Samuel Sidney. London: Ingram, Cooke and Co. 8vo. pp. 427.

In our last number we promised a full report upon this volume, and we cheerfully fulfil the task. Mr. Sidney is known to the public as the editor of '*The Emigrant's Journal*,' and as the author of '*The Australian Hand Book*;' and in the course of his former labours, he has gathered up a store of practical knowledge which is now produced to great advantage. It has been asked whether the book is trustworthy; and in our opinion it is. Personal residence in the colonies would have rendered it more accurate, less haste would have preserved it from a few blemishes, but it is truthful in the main, and is the production of an honest mind. Both the subject and the treatment are interesting; a bold exposure of abuses, old and new,

and a clear aim at the promotion of the welfare of the labouring classes in conjunction with the prosperity of the colonists, make it a valuable work, which all may read with advantage, and which those who are intending to emigrate should examine with special attention.

The work is divided (p. 19) into three principal sections—historical, descriptive, and practical; but in the execution of this design, it will be found that the practical is placed before the descriptive. The second chapter begins an original and instructive history of discovery, casting a glance at the nomenclature of the colonies as they now exist. On this incidental topic it will be admitted that it is high time to allow the name of New Holland to give place to the general term Australia, and the name of Van Diemen's Land to the softer appellation of Tasmania. But how shall we reduce the barbarous and inappropriate phrases of New South Wales and South Australia into univocal and pleasant form? An act of parliament has filleted the brow of Port Philip with the graceful title of Victoria; and the day may come when Pastoralia and Cerulea shall be the characteristic names of the provinces above mentioned, and when Austerlind shall be affixed to Swan River. It is an ungrateful task to stand godfather to a child, an omnibus, or a province; but with the euphonious titles of Pennsylvania, Georgia, Carolina, Louisiana, and Virginia before us, and with the recollection that Plymouth Dock has been transmuted into Devonport, we have good hope of distinctive and mellifluous designations for these new-born dependencies. Under the head of discovery we are led to notice that it preceded occupation by two centuries, that the great '*terra Australis incognita*' presented a repulsive aspect to the first navigators. 'The Commander Carstens, sent by the Dutch East India Company to explore New Holland, describes it as "barren coasts, shallow water, islands thinly peopled by cruel, poor, and brutal natives, and of very little use to the company." Tasman's Land was pronounced to be the abode of "howling evil spirits."'

No antiquities are found in Australia; there is no trace of an ancient civilized race. When first settled, it was strictly in a state of nature; and only two faint evidences remain of the visits of the first explorers; one is a tin-plate found at the entrance of Shark's Bay, bearing the date of 1616, which is noticed by our author, and another, in Hobart Town, which we desire to rescue from oblivion. In digging the foundation for a house on the margin of a sequestered creek flowing into the estuary of the Derwent, a cannon-ball was exhumed, which, in the opinion of connoisseurs, was of Dutch manufacture, and had

been buried about two centuries. This is a significant relic; it explains the character of European visitation, and Carstens' melancholy description that Tasman's Land was the abode of 'howling evil spirits.' Savages are men—had they not cause to howl? But the moral does not end here; there are islands in the Pacific where like tokens of fraternity are imbedded in the soil shot from English guns—and wantonly shot. The history of discovery now drawing to a close is still a history of blood.

The chapter on transportation is fraught with horrors. The author traces it from the ancient abjuration of the realm, when exile was preferable to incarceration in the donjon keep—onward to the sale of white slaves to the American plantations, with its accompanying crime of kidnapping—down to the ameliorated but still terrible form of the assignment system. A blush mantles the cheek as we read the details. Oh, that we could say these villanies have passed away! But no! even under the assignment system there were men who would goad their bond-servants to madness by withholding their tickets of leave; and Van Diemen's Land is still the scene of great atrocity. Every *populus virorum* must be of the same character, and every form of punishment where power is wielded by irresponsible authority. What shall we do with our criminals? is a vital question—the great sea-gaol on the one hand, the penitentiary on the other, are opposite but unsatisfactory means of solving the problem. The prevention of crime, therefore, yet remains as the pressing want of the day. The game laws and intemperance are the fountains of crime; cannot these dread sources of misery be dried up? But we have no space to enter upon this discussion, and therefore turn to our author for illustration of the past.

'The following recollections are extracted by permission from the MS. "Voluntary Statements of the People of New South Wales," collected by Mrs. Chisholm:—

'*Joseph Smith.*

'Macdonald's River, County of Hunter, 3rd Oct., 1846.

'I arrived in the colony fifty-six years since; it was Governor Phillip's time, and I was fourteen years old; there were only eight houses in the colony then. I know that myself and eighteen others laid in a hollow tree for seventeen weeks; and cooked out of a kettle with a wooden bottom: we used to stick it in a hole in the ground, and make a fire round it. I was seven years in service (bond), and then started working for a living wherever I could get it. There was plenty of hardship then: I have often taken grass, and pounded it, and made soup from a native dog. I would eat anything then. For seventeen weeks I had only five ounces of flour a day. *We never got a full ration except when the ship was in harbour.* The motto was, "kill them or work them, their provision will be in store." Many a time have I been yoked like a bullock with twenty or thirty others

to drag along timber. About eight hundred died in six months at a place called Toongabbie, or Constitution-hill. I knew a man so weak, he was thrown into the grave, when he said, "Don't cover me up; I'm not dead; for God's sake don't cover me up!" The overseer answered, "D—— your eyes, you'll die to-night, and we shall have the trouble to come back again!" The man recovered, his name is James Glasshouse, and he is now alive at Richmond.

' They used to have a large hole for the dead; once a day men were sent down to collect the corpses of prisoners, and throw them in without any ceremony or service. The native dogs used to come down at night and fight and howl in packs, gnawing the poor dead bodies.

' The governor would order the lash at the rate of five hundred, six hundred, to eight hundred; and if the men could have stood it they would have had more. I knew a man hung *there and then* for stealing a few biscuits, and another for stealing a duck frock. A man was condemned—no time—take him to the tree, and hang him. The overseers were allowed to flog the men in the fields. Often have men been taken from the gang, had fifty, and sent back to work. Any man would have committed murder for a month's provisions: I would have committed three (murders) for a week's provisions! I was chained seven weeks on my back for being out getting greens, wild herbs. The Rev. —— used to come it tightly to force some confession. Men were obliged to tell lies to prevent their bowels from being cut out by the lash.

' Old —— (an overseer) killed three men in a fortnight at the saw by overwork. We used to be taken in large parties to raise a tree; when the body of the tree was raised, he (Old ——) would call some of the men away—then more; the men were bent double—they could not bear it—they fell—the tree on one or two, killed on the spot. "Take him away; put him in the ground!" There was no more about it.

' Mrs. Smith's Statement.

' I have seen Dr. —— take a woman who was in the family way, with a rope round her, and duck her in the water at Queen's-wharf. The laws were bad then. If a gentleman wanted a man's wife, he would send the husband to Norfolk Island. I have seen a man flogged for pulling six turnips instead of five. One Defrey was overseer, the biggest villain that ever lived, delighted in torment. He used to walk up and down and rub his hands when the blood ran. When he walked out, the flogger walked behind him. He died a miserable death—maggots ate him up; not a man could be found to bury him. I have seen six men executed for stealing 21 lbs. of flour. I have seen a man struck, when at work, with a handspike, and killed on the spot. I have seen men in tears round Governor ——, begging for food. He would mock them with "Yes, yes, gentlemen; I'll make you comfortable; give you a nightcap and a pair of stockings!"'—pp. 50—52.

No wonder the colonists clamour for the abolition of transportation; they know its woes, and that they are immitigable. Some few may adopt the Sydney motto—*sic forte Etruria crevit*, in a base sense, but a majority of thousands to one abjure it.

And it is no mean evidence of the advancement of the colonies in intelligence and virtue that they are all but unanimous in deprecating a system which was the foundation of their fortunes.

Mr. Sidney reviews the administrations of the successive governors of New South Wales, and deals fairly with all, except that of Sir George Gipps. We are quite willing to accord the merit he ascribes to his predecessor, Sir Richard Bourke, but cannot help thinking he praises him in order to throw an invidious shadow upon Sir George. Of the three last governors Sir George Gipps was unquestionably the most able man; he possessed consummate talent, and displayed a courage, candour, and liberality worthy of the nonconformist blood which flowed in his veins. He was somewhat of the Cromwell order; he became a reformer, and insisted that the officials should give a day's work for a day's pay. He saw how far the squatters had leagued to form an *imperium in imperio*, and was resolved to curb their oligarchical insolence. Hence the opposition he excited. He refused all seductive arts, and did not, as others, suborn the press; he trusted to his unaided tongue and pen to repress what he deemed social and political grievances; and although he had never uttered a speech before he became governor, yet he displayed an eloquence which came home directly to the bulk of the colonists, and effectually confounded his opponents. These ascribed their defeat to Sir George's power, and called it tyranny; but it was the force of reason. The dispatches of Sir Richard Bourke are models of statesmanship, but they are the offspring of his under secretary; Sir Charles Fitzroy is also indebted to the present colonial secretary for measures of wisdom, and for the explanation of them in council; but Sir George formed his own plans, and wrote his own state-papers, and they stand imperishable records of his genius. What we now affirm is borne out by Mr. Sidney's statements; his facts belie his glosses, and even he himself sometimes pays a tribute of respect to one so truly great.

'Yet Sir George Gipps was not without noble as well as brilliant qualities. His hands were clean; in a different sphere, matched and subdued by the even competition of English public life, he might have done himself honour and the state service; but his was a temperament ill-suited for the exercise of powers so absolute as those of a colonial governor—powers which he had acquired without any tedious probation. At one stride he passed from a subordinate military rank to the government of a great province of wealthy and discontented men, having in his hands authority which could make or mar a whole class or a whole district.'—p. 113.

It is well known Sir George rose from a captaincy in the

engineers to be the governor of a province; and that, to the credit of the government, he was selected for the ability he had shown as secretary to the commission to Canada; and as many a day may pass before we shall meet with his equal, it is but just to his memory to state further particulars respecting him. He was an uncompromising lover of justice; and, therefore, after a most horrible massacre of the blacks, he resisted all the threats of wealthy settlers to deter him from his duty. The murderers were hung. Shortly afterwards, a squatter demanded a party of police to put down the predatory attacks of the aborigines upon a very distant out station. The governor told him that, if he would go so far from the centre of government, he must take the consequences; that a guard for all the squatting districts would exhaust both the treasury and the whole police force, and leave the settled districts insecure. 'Then,' (said the squatter), 'I shall take the law into my own hands.' 'What do you mean?' said the governor. 'I shall shoot them.' 'Then I will hang you as sure as my name is George Gipps.' This decisive line of conduct protected the aborigines without exposing the settlers to harm; a little more vigilance at their own expense kept their flocks in safety. The following anecdote, in reference to Mrs. Chisholm's enterprise is characteristic:—

'Sir George Gipps, who was capable of noble sentiments when his evil temper or home instructions did not override them, took a public opportunity of expressing his sense of the merit and utility of her plans, saying, "I think it right to make this public acknowledgment, having formerly thrown cold water upon them."

'A few days after the permission (to frank letters) had been granted, the governor sent for Mrs. Chisholm in a great hurry. She found him in one of his fits of excitement, the table covered with her own letters.

'*"Mrs. Chisholm,"* he exclaimed, *"when I gave you the privilege of franking, I presumed you would address yourself to the magistrates, the clergy, and the principal settlers; but who, pray, are these John Varelys and Dick Hogans, and other people, of whom I have never heard since I have been in the colony?"*

'*"If,"* she replied, *"I had required to know the opinions of those respectable gentlemen on the subject of the demand for labour, and the rate of wages they could afford, I need not have written; I can turn to half a dozen blue books and find there 'shepherds always wanting and wages always too high;' besides, to have answered me they must have gone to their overseers, and then answered me vaguely. I want to know, as nearly as possible, what number of labourers each district can absorb, and of what class and what wages. If your Excellency will wait until I get my answers, you will admit that I have applied to men humble but intelligent, and able to afford exactly the information I require."*

‘ Sir George Gipps was satisfied with the explanation, and still more with the replies of the bush settlers ; so the sub-officials were on this occasion discomfited. ’—pp. 154, 155.

From this extract it appears that Sir George gave way occasionally to bursts of temper ; we will admit this fault, but palliate it by the fact that he was affected with disease of the heart, and that his bursts of passion were directed against wrongs. This disorder brought him to the grave shortly after his recal ; and let the visitor to Canterbury cathedral mark his bust on the right hand of the nave, and in the force of his beetling brows and the noble lines of his intelligent countenance, read the cause of the animosity, and the love, which alike followed him to the tomb—a terror to evil-doers and a praise to them that did well. This is the shrine we visit there—the shrine of a great man.

It required the hand of a wise and bold pilot to steer safely through the difficulties existing when Sir George Gipps arrived—the reaction of the land mania, an impending scarcity of grain, and a commercial crisis ; but he succeeded. At the close of his administration, the greatest amount of material good had been secured on the firmest basis. Mr. Sidney may endeavour to snatch the palm from the victor, and place it in other hands, but the concluding paragraphs of the tenth chapter are a practical eulogium upon the skill and firmness with which Sir G. Gipps governed New South Wales :—

‘ The ability and integrity of the colonial secretaries of state during the administration of Sir George Gipps, and of Sir George himself, are indisputable ; but then they insisted on knowing whether shoes fitted or not better than the people who wore, and insisted, too, that they should wear them. Fortunately the prosperity of the colony did not entirely depend on the crotchets of a colonial minister, or of a governor, although both could, and did, seriously retard its progress.

‘ While the Legislative Council were contesting, inch by inch, the “ elementary rights of Englishmen,” the grass was growing, the sheep were breeding, the stockmen were exploring new pastures, and the frugal industry of settlers was replacing and increasing the capital lost by wild speculations.

‘ Before Sir George Gipps retired, in 1846, he was able to announce that the revenue exceeded the expenditure, and the exports the imports, while the glut of labour which followed his arrival had been succeeded by a demand which the squatters termed a *dearth*. ’—p. 131.

To Sir George the roundhead succeeded Sir Charles the cavalier. He is a genuine specimen of the class, being, as his name Fitzroy intimates, a direct descendant of Charles II. He had previously governed in Antigua, but a more incapable man for Australia it would be hard to find. On landing at Sydney,

he said, with a *sans souci* air, 'I wonder how Sir George Gipps could have suffered himself to be annoyed under such a delicious climate.' It is certain he has not suffered himself to be broken down with the cares of state. And yet he has proved a respectable governor, having wisely entrusted the reins to his officers who had been disciplined under Sir George Gipps; and they have guided the chariot of the government as well as Sir Charles can drive his four-in-hand. Mons Meg is supported by better metal than herself, or the citadel would be in danger. Sir Charles is an excellent show-gun, while the battery is worked with the twenty-four pounders. Such is also Mr. Sidney's view.

'His (Sir C. Fitzroy's) administration, personally, affords no room for observation. He appears to have no opinions, a very conciliatory manner, and to be only anxious to allow the colonists as much liberty of legislation as his instructions will permit. He is contented to drive his own four-in-hand while his official advisers manage the colonists. And perhaps, until it is found possible to select as governor of Australia some man of superior intellectual attainments and refined tastes as well as common sense, conciliatory manners, and official aptitude,—some one, in fact, who would teach the wealthy young colonists that, according to modern English notions, more is needed than a large income, a polished exterior, and a fashionable tailor, to make a gentleman—there cannot be a better governor than the sporting, ball-giving, George the Fourth style of Fitzroy.'—p. 167, 168.

In 1851 Victoria was separated from New South Wales by virtue of an imperial statute passed in the previous year. Victoria is a satellite no longer, but a new planet projected through an independent orbit: the history of New South Wales is, therefore, adroitly summed up at this point with facts which show at one glance a mighty progress; in her case also chaos is reduced to order—the nebulous haze has been condensed into a star.

The chapter on Victoria is unexceptionable; and we shall only crown the author's enthusiastic statements with a table of statistics.

Population of Victoria.—1851, 70,000; 1852, 115,000.

Imports.—1850, £745,000; 1851, £1,056,000.

Exports.—1850, £1,042,000; 1851, £1,423,000.

In the course of the year, upwards of 50,000 souls have been added to the population; while the revenue far exceeds the expenditure, and is enormous.

When our author touches upon South Australia he assumes the censor; and assails the Wakefield theory as vehemently as Don Quixote attacked the windmills. We are not about to defend that theory—the celebrated *Eureka, Eureka* of the 'Spectator;' but we may at least crave his mercy. Its most

obnoxious features have been modified, and Adelaide has risen to importance notwithstanding early mistakes. He treats the South Australian Company with great scorn; the curl on his lip is as formidable as a mustachio, but where the grievance! It is certain, as he admits, that the colony of South Australia would not have been founded but for the timely intervention of the company; and this was no mean exploit. If the colony possess the resources and capabilities which are mentioned in the twenty-fifth chapter, then the company may be proud of its achievement. To represent it as a mere land-jobbing company is unjust; the men who founded it were actuated by the purest motives, and they have pursued a career untarnished by disgrace. Their accounts have been regularly published, and are open to the world. Had they outbid small settlers at public auctions, had they wrested special surveys out of the hands of other capitalists, they might have been blameworthy: but as they have fostered the small settler, and have constantly kept their land in the market for his unbiassed choice, they are entitled to praise. At considerable outlay and risk they have made the improvements in the port and the road which Mr. Sidney sneers at in one page and applauds in another; and they still hold themselves free to promote public works, and afford eligible arrangements to tenants or purchasers. And as to a land company necessarily coming under the imputation of jobbery, it is easy to stop the gratuitous inference by saying, that wholesale dealers are auxiliaries to a regular and wholesome supply—that a second hand facilitates prompt purchase, especially when the first hand is the government. The company cannot exist as a trading concern unless it dispose of its wares: hence it is no monopoly; and instead of holding back, it promotes the circulation of land, which is its stock in trade. The company has been of supreme advantage to the colony, and its continuance and activity at this juncture is, in our opinion, of the last importance. On the same grounds we do not hesitate to take this opportunity of defending the Australian Agricultural Company. Its monopoly of coal, which Mr. Sidney bemoans, extended only over lands granted after the date of its charter; and it was for a term of years which has just expired never to be renewed. The coal fields would have remained unworked but for this company; it created the market for coals, so that older grants could be wrought to advantage; and now that its exclusive privilege has ceased, the whole colony is open to enterprise under the advantage of experience obtained at the company's cost. In other respects it will be allowed that the establishment of the company at Port Stephen has been most useful. Under the auspicious

influence of three such men as Sir Edward Parry, Captain Dumaresq, and Captain King, it has been the nursery and training school of hundreds of orderly and industrious emigrants. In the days of transportation, its convict servants were well treated, and its hired labourers acquired the skill and means of becoming independent proprietors. Looking at the history of these two companies, we should be glad to see associations of the same sort, individual capitalists purchasing special surveys of 20,000 acres, and settling a numerous tenantry upon them. Village colonization may yet form a good item in Australian progress; and what so necessary to that end as the possession of a large tract of land in the first instance by proprietorship—be it sole or corporate.

The 'sufficient price' question in respect to Australian country lands cannot be discussed in this brief space: but the upset price of twenty shillings an acre is justly denounced. On this head New South Wales might complain of her neighbour as Virgil does, that Mantua was too near to unhappy Cremona. Nevertheless it cannot be denied that the raising of the price, first from five to twelve, and then to twenty shillings, was very palatable to existing landholders; it increased their wealth immediately; and there are not a few who would deprecate a diminution, knowing that their possessions would thereby be depreciated. The rise was most infelicitous; for the concentration of population aimed at was defeated, the colonists refusing to buy and preferring to squat. The excessive price has also deterred emigrants from choosing Australia when they have balanced her advantages with America, where land is cheap. And yet it will be hard to retract. Perhaps the only course left is that of fixing the price to the districts already declared subject to it, and naming a lower scale for all the lands beyond. Experience has taught us that dispersion, however injurious in some respects, is essential to pastoral prosperity. Whatever blunders attended the settlement of South Australia, she is now firmly seated; whether she has been saved by copper or by corn, it matters not—a favourable Providence has granted her material good, and this is the result.

'Statistics of South Australia in 1850, the Fifteenth Year of its Settlement.'

'The exports of the year ending April, 1850, amounted to £453,668 12s. Of this sum £11,212 was in wheat, £20,279 in flour, £63,729 in copper in ingots, £211,361 in copper ore, £8188 in tallow, and £113,259 in wool.

'These are the staple exports of South Australia.

'The imports for the same period were £887,423, part of the excess arising from imports of railway, mining, and other productive investments.

In the same year 64,728½ acres were in cultivation—wheat, 41,807 acres; potatoes, 1780; gardens, 1370; vineyards, 282; hay, 13,000.

‘The population was 63,900, of which 7000 were Germans.

‘Live Stock.—Cattle, 100,000; sheep, 1,200,000; horses, 6000.’—p. 371.

In the division of the ‘Three Colonies’ which treats on emigration, there is an abundance of useful remark. Most of the principles we laid down in our last number are here illustrated; and we shall transcribe a few incidents, not only as being interesting in themselves, but as an index to the subjects which are introduced. In several places capitalists are told they must serve an apprenticeship of a twelvemonth at least; a very hard lesson for them to learn; they kick at it prodigiously; but they must submit, otherwise they certainly exchange wealth for beggary. The emigrant is greatly encouraged, and the facilities for departure are clearly pointed out, especially the assistance now afforded according to the plan first made public, and efficiently carried into operation by Mrs. Chisholm, a lady worthy of all praise. It is evident that much of the matter in this department has been supplied by her pen. It were waste of time to classify the anecdotes we now give, apparently at random, but really with a view to instruction upon important points; and we are sure our readers will not be wearied with them, or others of a like nature, which remain after these copious extracts are made:—

‘*William Faulkner the Sailor.*—I am one of the seventeen smugglers taken at—; two of our party were hung at Flushing (Bröck and Powell), on the Dutch coast; we were taken by the Dutch on suspicion, and given up to the English consul; we dealt in gin all over England, but we did nothing worse; my father and brothers were in the navy; my father was carpenter in a 32-gun frigate (Blanch). I was in the same ship with Nelson, on board the Victory, and when he fell I was near him, about twelve feet from him; I was a powder-boy, and I heard Nelson tell Captain Thomas Hardy, “Bring the ship to an anchor;” and he said he would not, Collingwood being his senior. You may say when we lost him we lost the whole of our pride. I may say, and there was great sorrow there. I was also on board the — frigate at the taking of Flushing, Captain J. Keen, commander; also at the taking of Copenhagen; also at two islands up the Straits—that’s where the 3rd Buffs got their facings turned. Captain Hardy will recollect me. And I also sailed with his brother Temple in the Swift; there I received a pension of £12 a year from the Swift share. I received three wounds. This pension I lost when convicted, but I hope by the charitable intercession of Captain Thomas Hardy to recover it. Have never been in any trouble in this country. On arriving in this colony, I was assigned to a man named Painter; remained there until my cousin, Lieutenant William Edmonston, pilot of

Sydney harbour, made friends for me; he got me a berth in the government brig; there I received 32s. per month; remained four years in her; then engaged as fisherman to Sir Thomas Brisbane; after then went as master of a vessel on the coast; remained fifteen months; then came up this river as trader; took a farm from Mr. Smith, bushman, for twenty years; rent 150 bushels of wheat per year. I now rent 12 acres of land, and work it myself; the rent is £5 a year; I make a comfortable living; have plenty to eat and drink; we use about half a pound of tea a week, but buy it by the chest. I have been married 21 years last May; I married Hester Clarke, per Brothers. She was schoolmistress in Newgate.

. I think it's one of the finest countries in the world for a poor man. I have been right round the world; this is the best for a poor man. A man can feed his pork, rear his poultry, and it is his own fault if he don't do well. I ought to have been the richest man in the colony.

'I have gathered plenty, danced and sung it away; then began again. Soon got plenty. I have ten acres of wheat in, have two cows, one pig, twenty laying hens. When I sell my wheat I buy tea, sugar, clothes for the year. No matter what happens here, a man has only to begin again—that the fact I assure. If I had not a farthing I would not lay down.

'The wife states she has never wanted for food since in the country.'—pp. 161, 162.

'The "Do-nothings." This name will surprise some and offend others, but in the end will do good; and I really do not know any one useful thing they can do. E—— was entered as a governess; I was glad of this, for I had then, as I have *now*, several applications for governesses in the country: she was a pretty girl, too; and I know when pretty girls have no money—no friends—Sydney is a very bad place. There is nothing so unpleasant as to question a young lady as to her competency. She could teach music, French, drawing, &c. &c.; she was satisfied with the salary, and her testimonials were first-rate. "You say you can teach music?" "Yes, ma'am." "You thoroughly understand it?" "Most certainly." "One of your pupils is nine years of age: how long do you think it will take her to get through Cramer's Instruction Book?" A pause. "Perhaps you have not seen it?" "No, ma'am, but I was very quick myself—I have a good ear for music." "What book did you study from?" "I learnt singing and music at the same time." "Tell me the name of the first piece you played?" "Cherry Ripe." "The second?" "Home, sweet Home." "The third?" "We're a' noddin." I said no more about music. I gave her a sum in addition; and she made sixteen pounds five, eighteen pounds four. Now this girl, I afterwards ascertained, at home, had lived in a family as nursemaid, and washed the clothes of five children every week: but she was a pretty girl—something of a favourite at sea. The captain was very anxious about her; had taken her in his own boat, to the North-shore, to try and get her a good place; he devoted seven hours to this work of *charity*. Nor did this zeal rest here. The following day he took her to Paramatta; they returned to the ship, and this girl was kept four days in it, after the other girls left. When he called at my office he was astonished, horrified, that I knew the detail; said Sydney was a scandalizing place; that his feelings were those of a

father. However, I received the girl the same evening, and removed her the following day very far from his parental influence.

'But for another specimen; and really, out of fifty, I am at a loss how to select; but I will give —. She was another of the *would-be* governesses; but her views were more humble—for the nursery. Now, she could neither read, write, nor spell, correctly. "Can you wash your own clothes?" "Never did such a thing in my life." "Can you make a dress?" "No." "Cook?" "No." "What can you do?" "Why, ma'am, I could look after servants; I could direct them; I should make an excellent housekeeper." "You are certain?" "Yes, or I would not say so." "Do you know the quantity of the different ingredients wanted for a beef-steak pie—for that dish—and a rice-pudding for this?" "Oh, no, ma'am, that's not what I mean; I'd see that the servants did it." "But there might be great waste, and you not know it; besides all, or nearly all, the servants sent to this colony *require teaching*." Nothing but my faith in Providence that there must be a *place for everybody* enabled me to bear with this infliction; and yet, if I turned them out, I knew their *fate*. But it was trying to my patience every morning to be up and breakfasted, and in my office first. I never had but one in the Home of this class that fairly made her own bed; they could smooth them over, and night after night get into them.'—p. 147.

The descriptive portion of the work will be found replete with entertainment; but we must draw our remarks to a close. We had hoped to give full proof that Australia is far from being badly watered, but must content ourselves with the bare statement, that more rain descends in Australia than in England. The rain-gauge gives as many inches of water as in Cumberland, and enough rain falls in one year to supply the wants of three: but it is rapidly drained off. If, therefore, the colonists will construct dams and reservoirs, the mischief of occasional floods and occasional droughts will be obviated; for, in the one case, the waters will be kept back, and in the other, they will be preserved. Wherever dams have been made, they have diffused the utmost fertility, and the expense has been very trifling in proportion to the advantage gained. And it is a curious fact—but a certain one—that water does not become putrid when kept as in England. We could point out many spots now arid in dry seasons, which might, by a small outlay, become places of broad waters and streams.

The condition of the Aborigines demands more than a passing remark; much remains to be said of their natural and aggravated wretchedness: they present melancholy retrogression in the midst of general advancement. Mr. Sidney has been constrained, by want of space, to withhold his remarks, and we, for the same reason, must condense our own. Their origin is unknown; we prefer to trace their descent from

Africa rather than Asia. The only gleam of light on this subject is to be found in the red hand still visible on some of the rocks, just as Mr. Stevens beheld that mark of Baalic worship near the ruined temples of Central America, and in the Boomerang, an instrument of war and fowling depicted in one of the sepulchres of Egypt. Their language is highly artificial; they possess the dual in number, reflective pronouns and reflective verbs: but the roots cannot be satisfactorily compared with any known tongue. The tribes vary so much in their vocabularies that to learn the language of one is no aid to obtain the words of another; so that, as they are rapidly dying off, an expert linguist fails to acquire a perfect acquaintance with a single dialect before the men who used it become extinct. Hence the insurmountable obstacle to conveying religious instruction: the only converts have been taught through the medium of the English language. Every missionary establishment among them has failed, and even schools which promised favourable results have been broken up before any effectual good could be accomplished. For more than a quarter of a century efforts have been made to evangelize them; but, with the exception of about a score of converts, without success. Theirs is a deplorable condition—the smallest amount of physical good with the greatest amount of spiritual destitution—they fear demons, but have no deities; and their highest hope is fixed on a vague notion of the transmigration of the spirit into the body of the lordly white. Most of the tribes are cannibals; their women are degraded; polygamy exists; in all their social relations might is right; and we behold in them the last remnants of a race which has gradually sunk as they left the centre of civilization and lost the knowledge of God. But we are not to forget they are men—oftentimes fine men—the women, as many a settler ought to allow, are humane and gentle. It is to be hoped they will yet receive kind consideration at the hands of the colonists. But, at present, it is our sad duty to declare that the flag of England is planted on the grave of the oppressed Aborigine. Heaven forefend the curse which might justly descend upon Australian progress—a thought calculated to sober us when we look around upon the vast territory so rapidly subdued, and upon a prosperity of which men are so ready to boast.

ART. V.—*The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon*; a History of the Early Inhabitants of Britain, down to the Conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity; illustrated by the Ancient Remains brought to light by recent Research. By Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., M.R.S.I. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co. 12mo. 1852.

THE pride of family, of race, and of colour, has done, and is still doing, such enormous mischief in the world, that every fresh argument is acceptable which establishes the groundlessness of the common assumption on these heads. It is particularly satisfactory to find some corrective to error of this kind, applied in our own case, at a moment when our pretensions to superiority are pushed to extraordinary, offensive, and dangerous lengths, as if we English were in race pure Anglo-Saxons, and therefore destined by Providence to guide and rule the nations. It is, on the contrary, plain, by the clever deductions made in this volume, from unquestionable facts, and even against the author's conclusions in other respects, demonstrated that we are really as mongrel a race as is to be found upon earth—mongrelism meaning simply the mixture of lineage. To say nothing of our Norman descent, as far as it goes, a very large proportion of the inhabitants of this island at the present day came from the Brito-Romans and from the older Britons, made up as they were of Celts, Cymri, Scoti, and Belgæ. Yet zealous men on both sides of the Atlantic insist that the Anglo-Saxons alone are the models of purity among men, and types of Nature's best handiwork.

The point is neither new nor doubtful. Venerable Bede was not likely to err on such a subject; and he expressly mentions Latin and *British*, as well as Anglo-Saxon, as spoken by the respective races in England in his time; and in the volume before us there is adduced the strongest proof that the population of our towns continued to a late date, in defiance of the Saxons and Danes, to hold the municipal character established by the Romans. From this fact the rational conclusion is, that the people, strong enough to retain these municipal privileges, were not weak in numbers. This fact alone might, indeed, settle the case. It places the Anglo-Saxons substantially out of the towns in England, as the Norman conquest deprived them of most of the castles, leaving but the farms and villages for their ruder habitations, a little relieved by the semi-civilization of the monasteries, although they were not the sole possessors of either church or land. Who the inhabitants of these

privileged towns were it is not difficult to determine, and Mr. Wright is certainly in error in holding them to have been exclusively Roman legionaries; for by consulting sources of history, which he neglects or undervalues, a large portion of the urban population will be found to be of British origin. There is, however, a more encouraging and consolatory view to be taken of the case, than that which simply repudiates the suppression of any races. The population of England, as it now stands before the world, whatever its worth, is eminently a mixed body. It is neither exclusively British, nor Roman, nor Anglo-Saxon, nor Danish, nor Norman. It is sprung from them all, as will be seen more and more clearly when the remnants of their respective works shall be examined and classified in the manner extensively done in the volume before us.

The same method of inquiry applied to Ireland will bring its people within the range of the same argument, and the wise determination of the late and the present ministry to publish the *Brehon Law* must produce in those genuine indexes to ancient Irish usages many an illustration of national character common to the Anglo-Saxons and the old Britons, but suppressed by conquest.

Mr. Wright is well known for his familiar acquaintance with the *material* antiquities of these islands. He has done more than perhaps any other individual of late to promote the improvement of measures for the preservation of that class of remains, as they occur in pulling down buildings, searching graves, sinking cellars, digging into the foundations of old towns and mansions, tracing ancient highways, and cutting new railroads. From these sources he has collected and arranged a prodigious number of facts with skill, and a good index makes his topics easily accessible. He has, besides, opened ingenious views on the complex origin of the English people, and has demonstrated the duration of some of our ancient free institutions, down to much later periods than are commonly allowed to them. Upon two points, however, for want of taking correctly into account equally good sources of history, language, and physiognomy, and written annals, he hazards paradoxes too serious to be passed by unnoticed; such as his doubts respecting the capacity of the Britons to acquire high civilization, and his denial of the existence of Christianity in Britain until it was introduced, as he thinks, from Spain and Armorica, in the fifth century, into Cornwall and Wales, and from Rome by St. Augustine among the Anglo-Saxons in the year 597. Subject to cautions on these heads, the volume is a valuable 'manual of British archæology,' as the author correctly calls it in the preface. It omits too many periods of

research to be 'A History of the Early Inhabitants of Britain,' as it is termed in the title-page.

The period selected by Mr. Wright for his survey of the Celts, the Romans, and the Saxons in Britain, is from the invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Norman Conquest. The previous trade of the Phœnicians and others with Britain, chiefly for *tin*, is glanced at, and the distinctive characters of the several races of its inhabitants are slightly touched upon. Some of these were connected by descent and friendship with the Belgians of the continent, who probably were Germans more than Celts; and some were allied with the purely Celtic Veneti of Western Gaul.

The first two Roman invasions, and the condition of the Britons at that time, are described from the 'Commentaries,' with additional details from Strabo, and Diodorus Siculus. The degree of civilization, however, then attained by the tribes seems to be underrated by Mr. Wright, who adopts a *corrupted* text of Cæsar, to the effect that they had no *coins*, without noticing the satisfactory correction of that text by the late Mr. Hawkins in his able treatise on the subject. This error of assuming Cæsar to state the reverse of what is to be found in the lost manuscripts, and in the earliest printed editions of his 'Commentaries,' he attempts to account for by a singular conjecture from another fact which his industry and his candour establish, namely, the very great number of British coins of the period immediately after Julius Cæsar, discovered in the districts visited by the first invaders. 'This money,' he says, 'was coined in mints introduced from Rome,' for which no authority is vouched, nor can any be probably produced for it better than the power of fancy which furnished Shakespeare with his Imogen of the same period. But, as Mr. Wright clearly shows, the British tribes, at least in the south, were now raised far above the savage state attributed to them by another poet. Instead of 'the wolfskin'* for their sole article of dress, the trowsers—'bracca'—were worn, and the cloak of many colours, that probably originated the Scottish plaid and the long coat of the Irish. The traders of Gaul, according to Strabo, imported bracelets, necklaces, and vessels of glass, and specimens of these articles are found in the old graves; and when the Emperor Claudius took advantage of the dissensions in Cymbeline's family to invade Britain again, the progress making by the native inhabitants in consequence of their voluntary intercourse with more civilized neighbours, proves that a sanguinary conquest was not wanted for their advancement. A question has been made, whether,

* Dr. Richards on the 'Aboriginal Britons.'

at the first invasion, they possessed ships. Mr. Wright does not mention the subject, but they unquestionably had boats—their coracles—and Cæsar found such boats sufficiently suited to military service to be models for those he used in his subsequent campaign in Spain.

From the bowels of the earth, and from caves, some evidences are produced of the industry of the inhabitants of the sea-coasts, who must have preceded the tribes of Cæsar's time; and the conclusion, from these, and many other remains, seems to be correct; that at the remotest periods thus revealed to us, metallic as well as stone implements were in use. In addition to a sketch of the progress of the Romans in Britain in the first century, when Wales and all Scotland to the Highlands were included in that name, Mr. Wright infers from passages in Tacitus and Juvenal, and from the elaborate Irish geography of Ptolemy, that Ireland also was at this time visited by Roman legions.

The bulk of the volume enlarges upon the prodigious quantity of objects which attest the successes of Roman civilization among us, and which our Camdens and Horsleys, our Stukeleys and Hoares, have expatiated upon these three centuries. This portion of the book will be peculiarly acceptable to the student. It is a complete catalogue *raisonné* of the subject, and full of interest. The most novel chapter is the eighth, containing a curious exhibition of the Roman military system of migration, which brought many foreigners into Britain. The facts are clear beyond the possibility of mistake. Inscriptions upon tombs show that people from all parts of the world intermingled in the island. Thus, for instance, one found at Cirencester, Dannicus, who belonged to the *Indian* cavalry stationed there, was a citizen of Bauriam in Switzerland; and Sextus Genialis, who, belonging to the *Thracian* cavalry, was a Frisian. J. D. Heron, prefect of the second cohort of Gauls at Old Penrith, came from Asia Minor; E. Crispinus, prefect of the Ala Augustis at old Carlisle, was an African; P. Ælius, of the same corps, was a native of Pannonia; M. Censorius, prefect of the cohort of Spamiards at Ellenborough, was of Nîmes in Gaul; L. Duccius, an officer buried at York, was of Vienne in Gaul; F. Longus, a tribune of the twentieth legion at Chester, was a native of Samosata, in Syria, the birth-place of Lucian.—p. 251. Such is the cosmopolite character of an important portion of the inhabitants of Roman Britain, and the custom of polygamy facilitated the distribution of a variety of races at the permanent stations of the legions. The free municipalities formed of these materials survived the fall of the Roman power in Britain, and in the most disastrous state of the country, which ensued upon the withdrawal of the armies, many of

the towns remained comparatively safe from attack. Here were preserved traces of order and civilization, and here the Saxon invaders met the steadiest resistance. 'We have no reason,' says Mr. Wright, 'for believing that London, for example, was ever taken and ravaged by Saxon invaders.' The citizens successfully, also, resisted the Danes. These important facts were perhaps never before so distinctly made out.

The free towns so preserved reappear in some of their most material privileges even after the Norman conquest. Elective government, legislative functions, and independent action in many of them, both before and after that event, indicate their Roman origin, and justify Mr. Wright's conclusion that 'they hold a very important place in the history of social development, inasmuch as, while the country itself underwent so many violent revolutions,—while Britons, and Saxons, and Normans, alternately gained possession of the soil, the population of the towns continued to exist without any further alteration than that gradual infusion of foreign blood which must necessarily take place in the course of ages.'—p. 449. On this head, indeed, Mr. Wright demonstrates what others have long suspected and speculated upon. But to this ingenious and correct conclusion he annexes the untenable condition that the inhabitants of these towns consisted of 'the due mixture of Saxons and Romans that forms the basis of modern civilisation,'—*to the exclusion of the British element!* This last point is at direct variance with facts, like the assertion that the Britons were less capable of civilization than the Anglo-Saxon race. As shown by Mr. Wright himself, from classical authorities, they improved rapidly when independent, between Cæsar's invasion and the conquest by Claudius, and after, when conquered, they made notable advances under the enlightened government of Agricola. They were distinguished as soldiers under successive emperors, and there is no ground for the assertion that they did not always form a large portion of the town populations. Mr. Wright's recorded fact, that 'the antiquities of Anglo-Saxon paganism are derived almost entirely from their *graves*,' confirms the remark, that the Anglo-Saxon invaders were much kept out of the towns. The ultimate disappearance of the Latin tongue from our speech, except as to single words, and perhaps in the absence of the *article* in some districts, shows that the Romans who survived in the towns were a minority. Had it been otherwise, the *Romane* dialect must have prevailed in England instead of the Anglo-Saxon and British, as in the south of France, and the British language would have entirely given way in the struggle. So far from this being the case, the Anglo-Saxon vocabulary we now know to have been materially

influenced by British words, and to this day the pronunciation of even Anglo-Saxon words is affected by British usage. This is the judgment of the distinguished linguists Cardinal Mezzofanti, and William Edwards of Paris; and it is a judgment adopted as sound by the ablest of recent continental historians.* In an elaborate work upon the Celtic tongue, to which the Institute of France awarded a prize, M. Edwards showed that, through all the revolutions of time and conquests, our modern English speech is characterized by peculiarities to which there is no analogy in any German or Latin dialects, but which, being found in the modern Breton of France, and Welsh, Gaelic, and Manx, are strictly traceable to a British original. This identity of language is as solid a criterion of identity of race as the best preserved weapons or utensils, or even inscriptions found in graves and ruins, and it strongly confirms the narratives in some old chronicles and poems, and even legends, which, like the illuminated pictures of the middle ages, often combine genuine representations of facts with the strangest and most incredible fictions.

With regard to the absence of all *Christian* symbols from the antiquities found in Roman Britain, which Mr. Wright holds to be a proof that the Christian religion was not at that time brought into the island, it is surely but poor logic to oppose a negative argument to the positive contrary texts of early Christian writers, with which all are familiar. Still less is it worthy of Mr. Wright's critical acumen to treat those remarkable texts as 'flourishes of rhetoric.' Besides, the period of the Roman domination in Britain, the four first centuries, happen to be that in which Christian archæology is not particularly rich in any country.

Still less satisfactory is his cool disposal of the British Christianity, confessedly established in Wales and Cornwall at the arrival of the Romish missionaries among the Anglo-Saxons, at the close of the sixth century. He 'suspects' it to have been introduced from *Spain*, or *Armorica*; yet he carries it back to the beginning of the fifth century, when the Romans departed—a conjuncture not very likely to be seized upon for missionary undertakings. It is a serious defect in an important work of this elementary character, to throw doubts loosely upon points of religious history, which at least demand the respect of deliberate consideration and discriminating criticism.

* M. de Bonnechose, author of the 'Four Conquests of England,' a work to which the Institute of France this year awarded a prize; and which to the graces of style which have made Thierry's 'Roman Conquest' a general favorite, adds the rare merit of critical scholarship.

This remark is made with the less hesitation, as the work to which it is applied has many attractions of style and pictorial adornment, and in the future editions which the increasing taste for antiquarian research must call for, it will be easy for Mr. Wright to add grave arguments upon the subject in question, if upon further inquiry he still thinks he has truth on his side.

ART. VI.—*The Free Church of Ancient Christendom, and its Subjugation under Constantine.* By Basil H. Cooper, B.A. London: Albert Cockshaw.

AMONGST the many partial and prejudiced historians of the church, it is gratifying to have to note one whose evident aim is to tell, as briefly as may be, yet with sufficient fulness for all the purposes of accuracy, the whole truth on the subject. There is an air of sincerity and honest earnestness pervading the work before us that cannot be mistaken, and that brings to our remembrance what Lord Bacon has adduced from Lucretius,—the ‘poet that beautified the sect otherwise inferior to the rest,’—respecting ‘the vantage ground of truth; a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene;’ whence, also, may be seen ‘the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests, in the vale below.’

The service Mr. Cooper has rendered in the present volume was assuredly a desirable one—that of breaking up the old stereotyped framework from which ecclesiastical writers have been wont to draw their impressions, and setting forth the *materiel* of fact in a new light. To change the figure, he opens up afresh the fountains of truth in relation to the condition of the early church, and if we mistake not, will receive the thanks of all his readers for the freshness and the life that sparkle everywhere along the rapid course of his narrative. Although he has availed himself of the results of modern research and criticism, whether of the English or German school, his originality is discoverable in the passages cited from contemporaneous authors, and in the perfect acquaintance he evinces not merely with the writings, but even the very spirit of the past. While many ecclesiastical writers, even some that are reputed learned, adduce their authorities in such a manner as to convince the critical reader that they were consulted only for the sake of the particular point in hand, or, in some instances, not at all, it is evident that Mr. Cooper had familiarized his mind beforehand with all the original documents illustrative of the course through

which he takes his readers ; and that the labour of compressing his knowledge within prescribed limits has been his great difficulty. Perhaps one of the chief drawbacks to the interest that will be felt in perusing his production, is to be found in the very amplitude of his style, which, although always to the point, and of the purest order, is crowded with historic facts, in the shape of hints, allusions, or suggestive references, that all but jostle one another in almost every page. With this, however, it is not our intention to quarrel. What some may deem a fault, is, in our estimation, a rare excellence, and a pleasing characteristic of Mr. Cooper's work, in a merely literary point of view. There is no rhetorical trick about it ; none of that artificial plastering over thin and poor materials, which is becoming so fashionable with some writers. Commend us to the ample and involved periods of Bacon and Milton, Bolingbroke and Burke, 'clothed in the ample folds of inversion,' in preference to the spasmodic and all but inarticulate deliverances of the new school. Our best writers are those who have spoken out what was in them from a full mind, welling forth the wide and stately stream of thought in a continuous flow, not without eddies here and there, where the lighter materials, though in some sense separable from it, are borne along with the main current.

The writers to whom we raise objection show too much of art. They remind us of the process by which some of our broad valleys are watered ; where, instead of the majestic river winding its way, free, and broad, and deep, and gurgling as it goes, we behold innumerable petty channels, admirably laid out, and most mathematically adjusted to the surface needing irrigation, but ridiculously incompetent to any noble freightage. The opening sentences of Mr. Cooper's volume illustrate our meaning, and bespeak the manly English mind of the author.

'At that great epoch in the history of mankind, the goal which antiquity reached blindfold, and the starting-point of modern times, when the light of the world began to shine in the darkness, which yet comprehended it not, the last of the four mighty empires spoken of by the prophet Daniel, that of Rome, whose splendid destinies were foretold by the inspired statesman whilst as yet it lay unconscious in its cradle, had attained its giant prime. From the pillars of Hercules to the Euphrates stretched their colossal legs of iron, which bore the load of Chaldean, Persian, and Greek civilization. Its eastern neighbour, the Parthian kingdom of the Arsacidæ, who ruled over the countries between that river and the Indus, was Rome's rival in breadth of territory, and was dotted here and there with great cities of Hellenic origin and culture, founded in the times of the Macedonian and Syrian dominion. Of these, Nisibis, Seleucia, and Ctesiphon were among the chief. But owing to incessant civil broils, which Italian craft was ever on the watch to foster, it was

already fast verging towards its fall; and its fatal adherence, so accordant with its Tartar nationality, to the anti-commercial maxim of non-intercourse with foreigners, must have doomed it, but for the frequent wars into which it was plunged by the restless ambition of the Cæsars, to as complete historical insignificance as, from the same cause, has always been the lot of China.'—pp. 3, 4.

But as it is our purpose to give some account of the work before us—such as may serve to whet the appetite of our readers for the volume itself—we turn from all minor considerations to the historical subject submitted to our notice.

The *title* of the volume is sufficiently significant of the views of the author respecting the early condition of the Christian church, and of the relation subsisting between it and Constantine after the lapse of three centuries. The only ground on which we should be inclined to demur to this nomenclature, respects the idea of continuity conveyed by the phraseology, as if it were the *same* church that was originally free, and that was afterwards subjugated. We hold that Christ's church has ever been free; never can be subjugated. To suppose otherwise, is to give an empty meaning to Christ's own words,—‘And, lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.’ It was not the church of Christ that Constantine subjugated; but something else, assuming the name most unworthily,—namely, the corrupted Catholic church, whose defection from all the peculiar principles of the gospel had been sufficiently marked before the period when the Byzantine ruler made it the facile instrument of his policy, and the subordinate handmaid of the state. On this point, we are certain, Mr. Cooper and ourselves are agreed. He has shown this to be the true statement of the case in the body of his work. We regret, therefore, that a phraseology has been employed, of a purely traditionary kind, and which serves to confirm an erroneous idea. We would have ‘the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,’ even in the title-pages of our church histories. Especially would we have it impressed upon the inquiring and thinking mind of England, in this period of our history, when ecclesiastical matters are receiving perforce so much attention, that the church of Christ ever has been and must be free; that to part with liberty is to part with life, because it is to depart from Christ; and that every so-called church, whether of this age or that, whether more general or more local, that yields its trust to other hands than those in which Christ deposited it, is, *ipso facto*, no longer a member of that mystical body, of which Christ is the sole and sovereign head. Our historians have too commonly written as if the church of Christ were capable of any transmutation without losing its characteristics; of embracing any errors, cherishing any spirit,

yielding to any authority, following any polity, without becoming unchurched; and hence the history of the church has become the most vapid and melancholy of all histories, instead of being, what the history of the true church really is, and ever must be, a counterpart of the four Gospels, and of the Acts of the Apostles, the most cheery, sunny, heavenly thing that ever engaged human pen. A large portion of what is generally designated 'the History of the Church' would have been more correctly termed the 'History of corrupted Christianity;' and a new history is greatly to be desired, which, avoiding all these corruptions and profanations of the holy Gospel, shall incorporate in a life-like portraiture the faith, love, and constancy of those only who in every age have believed in and served, as loyal subjects, Jesus Christ their Saviour and their King.

The materials for such a history, or at least that portion of it which embraces the first three centuries, will be found to a considerable extent in Mr. Cooper's volume. The introduction is a noble piece of writing, and furnishes the best account we remember to have seen, within so brief a space, of 'the state of the world at the advent.' The two chapters into which it is divided—the one embracing the state of the Gentiles, and the other that of the Jews and Samaritans—are worthy of republication in a separate form, as a manual for Christian students, in relation to a topic, the knowledge of which is indispensable to a thorough appreciation of the religion of Jesus.

The first period of the church's history is termed by our author, 'the apostolic period;' which is further subdivided into three ages—that 'of our Lord,' that 'of the Twelve,' and that 'of John.' Each of these ages occupies a chapter, replete with profound, and not unfrequently original, views. The nature of the church is illustrated by our Lord's life and teaching, and the leading idea of the work—that it was free, internally and externally—is established by a great variety of considerations deducible from the same source. It is clearly shown that the fundamental principle of the church's organization is that of implicit subordination to Christ alone, to his doctrine, and his laws; that church association is neither an unthinking agglomeration of members on the one hand, nor a hierarchical confederation on the other; but a free and brotherly co-ordination of loving disciples of the common Master, and loyal subjects of the common Lord. It is also shown how the old and formal priesthood is abrogated and an universal and spiritual priesthood appointed in its place; while the functions of a permanent Christian ministry are proved to be those of instrumentality for specific ends, not at variance with liberty, and with no authority saving that which pertains to the truth

itself. The following passage contains the author's views on the last-named point:—

'It has often been felt hard to reconcile this cardinal truth of the universal Christian priesthood with the divine appointment of the ministry. But though it for ever excludes a hierarchy, even in its lowest germs, so far is it from being inconsistent with a ministry, to whose power for good no limits can be laid down, and in which even apostles are to be ranked, that it furnishes precisely its best warrant and truest justification. The higher unity in which these two seemingly conflicting truths, or antinomies, as they are styled by the Chevalier Bunsen, in his 'Church of the Future,' are harmonized, is, as he rightly says, the idea of the kingdom of God itself. In that there is one Lord; but there are differences of administrations. All its citizens have an unction from the Holy One, in virtue of which all are alike entitled, nay bound, in thankful acknowledgment of the benefits of redeeming love, to present themselves, through the mediation of the eternal High Priest, as living sacrifices to God. On the other hand, however, the Spirit of grace, so far from destroying, even intensifies, whilst it ennobles and sanctifies, the individual lineaments and capacities of each so consecrated believer, and moulds them to the common end of the Divine glory. The unity based on the common relationship to God, through Christ, is one which presupposes the richest diversity in the endowments of its component elements. There is one life, but the vital functions vary even as the organs of the spirit themselves.'—pp. 75, 76.

The chapter entitled 'The Age of the Twelve,' is a most instructive one, evincing how deeply the writer has penetrated into the secret meaning of those great events which the 'Acts of the Apostles' has recorded with so much simplicity. After a brief but impressively beautiful *resumé* of the preparation made by Christ for the establishment of His church, he proceeds to show how it was constituted, by an intensified consciousness of a divine calling to this object on the part of the apostles and disciples to whom our Lord 'showed Himself alive after His passion,' by the directions of the Saviour and the remembrance of what He had said and done, and by the descent of the promised Spirit on the day of Pentecost; how it grew, as a living organization, sustained, augmented by new converts, and subjected to a really divine discipline, through the spiritual presence of Christ; how it evinced its freedom, not merely by the free spiritual life animating its members, but also by casting away the bonds of national prejudice, and local partiality and *prestige*, by the free preaching of the Gospel to the Gentiles, and the admission to its fellowship of individuals and churches brought to Christ from the Gentile world; how the differences which arose, through the natural opposition of interests between Jewish and Gentile converts, were reconciled by virtue of the same free spirit of love and association; and how, during this

initiative period, out of one original and local church there came to be established many churches, all similarly founded on the rock of Christian truth and profession, all equally free to follow their Great Head, all independent in what pertained to local operations, and all one in Christ Jesus.

‘Such were the churches—free, and yet glowing with love—which, before the close of this age, were lighted up as candlesticks in the cities of Judea, Samaria, Galilee, Phœnicia, Syria, Cicilia, Cyprus, Crete, Phrygia, Pamphylia, Lycaonia, Ionia, Lydia, Bithynia, Cappadocia, Galatia, Pisidia, Pontus, Macedonia, Achaia, Attica, Illyricum, Spain, and Italy, within the Roman Empire—the scene of the gigantic Pauline missions; not to speak of Egypt and Cyrenaica, in which, also, Christian communities must have been planted within the same brief period. Beyond the Roman frontiers, societies were established, by the original apostles and their fellow-labourers, in Arabia Felix, Æthiopia, Scythia, and the Parthian Empire—though these, probably, consisted for the most part, only of Jews and proselytes. But though so widely scattered, composed of such different elements, and all sovereign, yet these evangelical commonwealths were by no means isolated; but, by virtue of a living and powerful consciousness of their common relationship to Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, around which they all revolved, receiving light and warmth from the same divine centre, they felt themselves to be *one*, to a degree which has never been conceived, not to say realized, under any system which, pretending to unite by an *outward* bond churches which God in his providence has *outwardly* placed asunder, must necessarily issue, not in a union of churches, each made up of equal brethren in Christ, but in a hierarchy of priests—the skeleton of a dead Christianity.’—p. 102.

In the chapter on ‘the age of John,’ wisely separated from that of ‘the Twelve,’ the reader will be deeply interested in the glowing picture of the living Christianity of that period sketched by a contemporary, but not inspired writer, Diognetus, whose words are presented in an English form in this volume. We are glad to see that, since the publication of Mr. Cooper’s admirably translated extracts from this early writer, the whole has been published. We may here also observe, in passing, that in this and the many other parts of the volume enriched by quotations from ancient authors, the scholarship of Mr. Cooper is evinced by the accurate and idiomatic manner in which the very life and spirit of the originals are transfused into his English version. More important than this, however, is the broad and original light in which the age of John is depicted, ‘an age not so much distinguished by new enterprises as by the consolidation of former conquests.’ The effect of the fall of Jerusalem on the Jewish theocracy; the guardianship exercised by John over the Christian freedom of the churches; the rise of Ebionitism and Gnosticism; and the progress of persecution under the powers of the Roman state, are all briefly but forcibly described. In this chapter, also, the monstrous

and baseless theory of Rothe—that an apostolic council constituted prelacy in anticipation of the decease of the apostles, and as a permanent substitute for their authoritative functions—is disposed of in a most triumphant manner, not without a spice of wholesome humour excited by the hollowness of this, the last learned hypothesis of the defenders of prelatical usurpation. Rothe is justly reputed one of the most masterly critics of the German school; but in this ecclesiastical tilt, at least, he has met with his match in Mr. Cooper, who, if not a professor, like his antagonist, is worthy of a professor's place in any of the free colleges and universities (alas, how few!) of which our country can boast.

After this admirable sketch of the apostolic period, we are introduced to what our author designates 'the first transition period,' extending from the close of the first century to the latter part of the second, or from the death of John, A.D. 100, to the martyrdom of Polycarp, A.D. 164. This division of the work occupies two chapters, the first embracing the age of the apostolic fathers, and the second that of Polycarp. Both chapters are invaluable. They are enriched with the results of recent discoveries in relation to the epistles of Ignatius, the genuine portions of which are now accurately eliminated, and with citations of great value from the recently recovered works of Hippolytus. Besides this, they abound in original suggestions of the author, confirmatory of the opinions already entertained by scholars respecting the characteristics of this period.

In the first chapter the testimony of the apostolic fathers is adduced in relation to the freedom of the churches in all essential respects, both in the age of the apostles and in that immediately succeeding; at the same time, it is also shown how, towards the close of the latter, there sprang up in Palestine a new order of things, introductory to that prelatical system which afterwards became embodied in the catholic church. We are here conducted to a vital point in the history of the church, namely, the origin of prelacy, or, as Neander terms it, of 'the monarchico-episcopal government.' Around this spot has the battle between the free and enslaved churches been waged in times past. Heretofore the battle has been a drawn one, because the origin of prelacy has never been historically traced. Neander has admitted that 'we are without precise and perfect information as to the manner in which the change took place in individual cases,' and rests his conviction respecting it on analogy and conjecture. 'It was natural,' he says, 'that as the presbyters formed a deliberative assembly, it should soon happen that one among them obtained the pre-eminence,' &c. To this it has been objected,—as, for example, Neander's translator, Professor Rose, has objected, in a foot-note appended to these

very words, that the admission that there is no historical trace of any such arrangement is a very material concession to the arguments of the prelatists. Thus the contest has stood hitherto. At this juncture our author enters the lists with a new and perfectly historical argument, that demands the candid and serious notice of all who appreciate the importance of this controversy. Those who derive their church principles exclusively from the New Testament need no aid from any historical argument, feeling, as they do, that the absence of all prelatical functions in the specifications of the great statute-book of the church is conclusive. Yet even they will be confirmed in their faith if it can be shown definitively when and how prelacy originated. Mr. Cooper perceives the beginning of the prelatical and Catholic system in the Essenes, a society of Jewish mystics, who are thus described:—

‘This monastic society was organized quite on the prelatical plan. Hence Eusebius (H. E., ii. 17) actually mistook the Therapeutæ, or Essenes of Alexandria, as described by Philo in his tract, ‘*De vitâ Contemplativâ*,’ for Christians, laying particular stress on *the identity of their form of government with that of the church in his day*, a point of resemblance which counterbalanced with him the lack of the slightest intimation in Philo that they had ever heard of him at all. Not the less, however, has he been followed in this outrageous blunder by not a few both in the Roman and Anglican churches, men whose learning and Christianity nothing but their blind admiration of the hierarchy could have rendered so utterly useless in the case. They [the Essenes] had in each of the cities in or around which they dwelt a single spiritual chief, who was invested with sacerdotal dignity. To these, and to the subordinate presbyters, the members were taught to yield as implicit obedience as to the divine law, to which duty they were even pledged by the oath of initiation. . . . Scarcely was John cold in his grave at Ephesus, when this society, which had held out against the preaching of Christ and the apostles, found in the new gospel of Elxãñ, a basis on which it could capitulate. It assumed the Christian name, but without the cross, and with the rejection, besides, of nearly every other distinctive truth of the New Testament. Of its members, and of the renegades from the apostolic communities of Palestine, the Ebionite church was formed, which afterwards ramified throughout Perea, Nabathea, Paneas, Moabitis, Gobah, and Batanea, and even spread to Asia Minor, Cyprus, and particularly Rome. Of its ecclesiastical principles, the most extant monuments are the Apocryphal Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs, forged in the first post-apostolic age, and the Clementines.’—pp. 167—169.

To this source Mr. Cooper traces the prelatical and hierarchical system. In subsequent portions of the volume he fortifies the position he has assumed, and with an amount of proof difficult to withstand. At the same time, we regret that the limits of his volume have not allowed greater space for the full

exposition and defence of an hypothesis which, besides being new, is of so much consequence every way in relation to this formative period of church history. We should like to know, for example, in what light he regards the views propounded by Neander, and to which reference has already been made; whether he rejects them altogether; or whether he deems them not inconsistent with the theory he has propounded. We hope that he will not lose sight of this subject; but give it the amplest development and discussion in a separate form. Mr. Cooper speaks, in another portion of the present volume, of the publication of the Syriac version of the Ignatian epistles, (once the stronghold of prelacy, but by the labours of Mr. Cureton and others, won over to the friends of freedom,) as having done 'more to rock to its foundation every cathedral in Christendom than Cromwell by his cannon or Milton by his pen.' We admit that the boast is not an idle one; but let Mr. Cooper only give the world in a thoroughly complete and irrefragable form the views which he has only sketched—though with masterly ability—in this volume, respecting the origin and growth of prelacy, and we feel assured that the blow will be more decisive than even that over which he so triumphantly exults. Even the Syriac Ignatius, powerful as his testimony may be in opposition to the pretensions of the sacerdotal order, is, after all, only a negative witness; while Mr. Cooper apparently has it in his power to adduce the Essenes as witnesses on the same point, only in a positive and purely historical manner. But as the matter stands at present, we do not feel justified in proclaiming an absolute triumph. We desiderate a fuller court, and a more formal institution of the pleadings on both sides of the question.

Passing over the age of Polycarp, which forms the subject of an erudite chapter on the propaganda of the Free church, its civil and literary opponents, its martyrs, Justin and Polycarp, and the grand heresy of Gnosticism—under which latter topic the author quotes largely from the recently recovered work of Hippolytus—we come to the two remaining periods of ante Constantine church history, entitled the Hierarchical Periods, and the Second Transition Period. Each of these periods is again subdivided: the first into the three ages of Victor, Tertullian, and Cyprian; and the latter into those of Commodian and Eusebius. It is not in our power, however, to do justice to these chapters within the limits of an ordinary review. Suffice it to say that, like those on which we have commented, they are worthy of the attentive perusal of all who would understand the process by which the hierarchical church became consolidated amidst manifold corruptions, until it was

thoroughly prepared to transfer its allegiance from Christ, its hitherto nominal head, to Constantine, that truly remarkable man, who after becoming the ruler of the world was quietly permitted, if not invited, to rule over the church as well.

We must here draw our notice to a close. The subject of this volume is one of deepening interest, and is becoming better understood with every new generation. The normal state of the church, long departed from, has, ever since the Reformation, been the goal towards which all ecclesiastical events have tended. Much, however, remains to be done. The various church-systems embodied in the sects of Christendom have to show their faultiness by their results. Each element of truth and error seems destined to work itself out in some sectional division of the great whole. From every phase of the past something has to be learnt, until the process of departure is clearly seen and comprehended, and a general desire is generated for the truth and unity of the original church-system.

Such works as Mr. Cooper's we hold in especial regard, as indispensable auxiliaries to the grand consummation. As the battle is between truth and error, so the real battle-field is laid in the first three centuries. There the strife began; and with the thorough comprehension of that it will end. The constitution of the church of the future—to adopt the phrase of Chevalier Bunsen in its widest acceptance—can be no other than the constitution of the church of the earliest part.

After what we have already written, it is scarcely necessary to say how highly we think of the present work. None who know what the church precisely needs in the present time will write disparagingly of it. As a series of sketches of the successive periods to which it relates, from the age of Christ to that of Constantine, it is most masterly—such sketches as the hand of an ecclesiastical Cuvier alone could draw from the fragmentary memorials of the past. It is no commonplace compilation, but the production of an original mind, that has omitted in its independent researches nothing of any value that has been known or noted before, and worthy to take its place on the same shelf with the more elaborate, but not more genuine, works of the great Neander.

ART. VII.—*History of the British Conquests in India.* By Horace St. John. In 2 vols. London: Colburn. 1852.

No phenomena in history are more remarkable than the formation and decay of empires in the East. A man with a genius for war and policy arises, exerts his influence, at first perhaps, over a small number of followers—a clan or a tribe—disciplines his friends and dependents in the use of arms, undertakes marauding expeditions, collects spoil, and having revealed to his partizans the secret of their own strength, flies with them at higher game, and converts his sword into an imperial sceptre. Sovereign power having been once attained, the tide of ambition rushes forth impetuously on all sides, until the entire circle of the regions conterminous have been subdued. Then the energies of the conquering nation, enfeebled by diffusion, relax and shrink; the victorious soldiers gradually degenerate into effeminate nobles; indulgence is substituted for exertion; pride and avarice for valour; luxury insinuates its poison through the whole state; and the political edifice, dilated into gorgeous grandeur by the arts of war and peace, crumbles away still more rapidly than it sprang up, and the seat of dominion is transferred to another land.

This truth has been nowhere more strikingly exemplified than in India, where a succession of brilliant thrones have appeared and vanished with something like meteoric velocity. Among these none was more extended than the throne of the Moguls, which, founded by Baber Khan, supported a series of ambitious, unscrupulous, but magnificent monarchs, who enriched their capitals with mighty structures, encouraged literature and the arts, created an extraordinary amount of material prosperity, excited sometimes the admiration, sometimes the terror, of their subjects, achieved great victories, reduced the kings and princes in their neighbourhood to the ranks of tributaries, and seemed to have established their authority on an immoveable basis.

While they occupied this dazzling position, a handful of merchants from the West landed on their shores, and, by dint of persevering humility, obtained the privilege of building for themselves a warehouse, then called a factory, where they might expose their goods for sale, and carry on their traffic with the natives. Little did the statesmen of Agra or Delhi then suspect what those insignificant strangers were destined to accomplish. It transcended the powers of their mind to conceive that the simple commercial structure called into existence by their permission contained within itself the seeds of innumerable revo-

lutions and a mighty empire ; that the spirit which pervaded its inmates was, in the course of a very brief period, to pass forth and penetrate the whole of India, to overthrow their palaces, to dissipate their armies, to curb or obliterate their superstitions, to reform their manners, and ultimately to succeed in establishing a new dominion more wonderful than any yet described in the annals of mankind.

To review the various steps by which this unparalleled result has been reached is the object of Mr. Horace St. John's work. It does not profess to be a history of British India, but rather an investigation into the causes by which our sway has been rendered predominant there. Numbers of writers possessing more or less ability have undertaken, as well here at home as on the continent, to fasten a stigma on the British nation on account of its proceedings in Asia. Some of these have been animated by envy, some by a natural proneness to censure the actions of others, while a third class, sincerely reprobating all conquests and wars, have been urged by their generous impulses to uphold the cause of humanity. Mr. Horace St. John undertakes to overthrow the reasonings of all these, and has, we think, succeeded in proving that the English in India have been the authors of far more good than evil, and that to the two hundred millions who inhabit its various provinces, they now ensure a much larger amount of the blessings of life than they ever enjoyed under any form of government.

It would be doing great injustice, however, to the East India Company to suppose, whatever may be the measure of good they now accomplish, that they proceeded to Asia with any settled plan of conquest. On the contrary, they were, at the outset, what they professed to be, mere merchants, intent on the profits of trade. The territories they acquired came to them in many cases against their will. Fortune, it has been said, laid an imperial crown at their feet ; and their only delinquency is, that they stooped and picked it up. But even this they did with much reluctance. They long contemplated it rolling in the dust ; grasped at by many competitors ; and it was only when it had been stained and tarnished, and was on the point of passing out of the country altogether, that they prevailed on themselves to become its masters.

Philosophy has not discovered the key to the events of civil history ; but by following carefully the steps of the English in India, we may discover the *rationale* of some of those processes by which the subtle mechanism of power is produced. We behold the vanquished, in all instances, contributing largely to their own downfall, not always through any inferiority in the character of their minds—for many of those who disputed with

us the sceptre of India were men whose genius and abilities were equal to everything save their ambition—but through the habit of suffering their passions to overmaster their reason. In some of our earlier contests, we had, no doubt, to do with very ordinary personages; but as the crisis of empire approached, Hyder Ali and Tippoo Sultan, Holkar and Sindiah, exhibited a force and brilliance of intellect, a wealth of resources, a vigour, an energy, a perseverance, which appeared to entitle them to victory. But the steady valour, the general probity, the calm understanding, and the indomitable resolution of the English overwhelmed the genius of those magnificent princes, defeated their armies, counteracted their policy, and laid their thrones prostrate in the dust. The sword of Great Britain has flashed over the whole peninsula, from Cape Cormorin to the stupendous mountains of Thibet; and what is far more, the English mind has vanquished and penetrated, and enlightened more or less, the immense population swarming between the Indus and the Brahmapootra, for the sacred Ganges now rolls through the very centre of our dominions.

It has often been objected to Great Britain, that if it were to-morrow expelled from India, it would leave behind no lasting memorials of its rule. A more unfounded or ignorant observation was never uttered. Burke, in the intemperateness of his rhetoric, first gave vent to it; and from his day to ours, a class of weak and servile imitators have stupidly re-echoed the absurdity. The truth, however, is, that we have produced more effect on Indian society in the space of one hundred years than all the governments which preceded ours in the course of three thousand years. It is true, we have erected no imperial mausolea, or gorgeous palaces, or stupendous temples—these things being wholly incompatible with the genius of our civilization;—but for the promotion of human happiness we have done what is far better; we have constructed vast military roads, uniting province with province, and enabling the inhabitants to interchange commodities with facility; we have thrown bridges over rivers; we have constructed innumerable tanks for irrigation, with canals for the use of commerce, and docks and ship-yards, with whatever else belongs to the development of material prospects. Nor is this all. There is not a district in Hindoostan which has not experienced the humanizing effects of our institutions and laws, of our education and religion. In most parts of the country the father has ceased to imbrue his hands in the blood of his female children, and the widow no longer proceeds, drunk with opium, to burn herself with the dead body of her husband. Human victims have disappeared from the altars of Kali; the obscene orgies of Salsette and Jaganat'h have in a great measure

disappeared; and the whole fabric of Brahminical superstition is dissolving and crumbling away before the influence of an infinitely superior system of ideas.

To what extent we may be permitted to develop in Asia our theory of civilization it is impossible to foresee; but the probability is, that in the course of a few generations, the entire body of Hindoo society will be impregnated with European opinions. Already, in every part of the country, their notions are giving way before ours. The doctrine of caste has received a fatal blow. Organized tribes of robbers, whether on the rivers or on land, are scarcely to be found. The petty tyrants, who, from their lofty castles, formerly laid the towns and villages in their vicinity under contribution, have disappeared, and the minds of the natives are beginning to be impressed with the belief, that an equitable administration of justice is due to them.

How these effects have been produced it is not difficult to comprehend. Our military system requires the training and discipline of large bodies of the natives, who, being brought perpetually into contact with Englishmen, cannot possibly escape being influenced in some degree by western ideas. When, after their periods of service, these men return to their villages and families, they necessarily carry along with them something of the opinions, notions, tastes, and preferences they have derived from their officers, and the influence they have themselves undergone they exercise upon their relatives. The same thing may be said of the Hindoos and Mohammedans employed in the administration of the civil government in India, in the collection of the revenue, in her civil and criminal courts, in her schools and colleges.

Our readers are already, perhaps, familiar with one of the illustrations of the manner in which European, or rather English, habits have been engrafted on the native mind. Under the domination of the Moguls, at least towards the decline of the empire, the rapacity of the Nawabs and Subadars compelled all who possessed wealth diligently to conceal it; and when they ventured on any enjoyment at all, to be very careful it was in secret. They erected no spacious or magnificent houses; they laid out no grounds in parks or extensive gardens, but contented themselves with the sybaritish living they could command within the narrow precincts of their harims. Now, on the contrary, throughout India, but more especially in the Bengal presidency, the rich Baboos, or proprietors, vie with each other in the spaciousness of their houses, in the gorgeousness of their furniture, and in the beauty of their gardens and plantations, which have been multiplied with wonderful rapidity

within the last thirty years. It is now, consequently, not at all uncommon to behold, in the vicinity of the Ganges, what may be very properly denominated English parks, dotted with lofty trees, artificial mounds dotted with flowering shrubs, parterres, lakes, canals, fantastic bridges, summer-houses, and plantations.

Besides, the cultivation of the soil for agricultural purposes is now greatly improved; and as every year opens up fresh facilities for the transmission of produce to the rivers or to the sea, the multiplication of India's internal resources may be assumed to be in a state of the most rapid development. As is perfectly natural, the cultivation of the mind keeps pace with that of the soil. The desire for knowledge is perpetually on the increase; schools are consequently called for in the remotest villages; journals and books are becoming fashionable; and in many cases, English literature may actually be said to be striking root into the Asiatic mind. It must, at the same time, be acknowledged, that few of our countrymen would appear to have applied themselves on the spot to the study of the results effected by our civilization. We know not exactly how much has been done; but we may affirm, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that we have conducted Indian society to a point of transition, whatever may be the category into which it will next pass.

The means by which these mighty consequences have been realized have nowhere been enumerated and described accurately. But the military and political machinery employed by us in changing the condition of India, is ably and faithfully delineated in Mr. Horace St. John's book. He confines himself to an analysis of the instrumentality by which India has been reduced to obedience; he describes our acquisitions one after another, laying before us, as he goes along, the obstacles surmounted by the conquerors, and all the difficulties and resistance subdued. Into military details his plan would not suffer him to enter; but he has very carefully and diligently explained the political views by which the successive governors and generals have been guided in their dealings with the natives.

It would be too much to expect that so immense a framework of power should have been completed without the perpetration of any political crimes. But upon these Mr. Horace St. John dwells with reluctance. His desire is to represent the East India Company as little faulty as possible; and therefore, with more partiality than historical justice, he extenuates the excesses of ambition into which its servants were sometimes betrayed. Warren Hastings, for example, is painted with

a lenient hand. Dazzled by his genius, charmed by the vastness and magnificence of his views, and warmed into admiration by his matchless intrepidity, Mr. Horace St. John feels strongly inclined to deal indulgently with his fearful guilt, though he admits its existence. For Clive he shows less sympathy. Sir John Shore, afterwards Lord Teignmouth, with a false pacific policy, is represented as having been the author of nearly all the succeeding wars. Of Lord Cornwallis, notwithstanding his unaggressive character, the historian speaks with much respect; but he reserves his entire admiration for the Marquis of Wellesley, under whose administration our Indian empire acquired the greatest development it ever made during so short a space of time. Some of the most important and dangerous wars ever undertaken by the Company were conducted to a conclusion by his statesmanship. He broke the power of Tippoo Sultan and the Mahrattas; he reduced kingdoms to the condition of provinces; he inspired confidence in our friends, and struck terror into our enemies, and so strengthened the entire system of our rule, that, from that day forward, our Asiatic empire may be said to have been invincible.

Over the administration of Lord Minto Mr. St. John passes in silence, because he made no acquisitions of territories on the main land, though the destiny of the Company led him also to make conquests in the Indian Archipelago—a region upon which our author announces a separate work as about to appear. His successor, Lord Moira, afterwards Marquis of Hastings, completed the subjection of the Mahrattas in a campaign of unparalleled brilliance,—the British army, in thirteen formidable divisions, manœuvring simultaneously over a space of many hundred square miles, meeting the enemy at every point, counteracting all their schemes, humbling their pride, and ultimately so completely vanquished their spirit, that they never rose again, but vanished absolutely as a political power from the face of India. In the Nepaul war Lord Hastings was less successful. Extraordinary faults were committed by various generals in the defiles of the Himalaya, though the obstinacy of the mountaineers was at length—in part at least—subdued, and large portions of territory were ceded to the Company.

The succeeding governors-general, until within the last few years, were more engaged in reforming the internal administration of the empire than in extending its frontier. Lord Amherst accomplished little or nothing. Lord William Bentinck grappled with financial and social difficulties, and effected great improvements in the condition of the natives. It was not until Lord Auckland's time that the flame of conquest was again kindled, when our armies passed the Indus, ascended the Suleiman range, and descending into the valleys and plains of

Affghanistan, carried our victorious standard to the borders of Persia and Central Asia.

But one of the greatest disasters recorded in our Indian history was now to overtake us. The Governor-General himself, destitute of all statesmanship, though beyond measure honest in his view, had entrusted the conduct of the expedition to persons of very inferior capacity, who committed the worst faults which politicians could have fallen into. Our partizans in the country were disgusted and estranged; our enemies were excited to tenfold hostility; and when we had conducted things to this pass, our leaders appeared to have believed that they had accomplished their duty, and that thenceforward the affairs of peace and war might be abandoned to the impulse of mere routine. Then followed the insurrection and the massacre, the panic and the ignominious flight. English ladies and gentlemen were scattered as captives over the whole of Affghanistan, while a large division of our native army was literally annihilated.

We omit to dwell on the achievements of Lord Ellenborough, who went out to India to perpetrate the most extravagant absurdities, to relinquish Affghanistan and the new empire we might have acquired in Central Asia, who subdued the Ameers, and played the general at Gwalior, then abandoned the fruits of his victories, and would have effected incalculable mischief had he not been hastily recalled.

Lord Hardinge, a new military leader, without any large political views, blundered into the Sikh war, and then became useful by mistake. We are, at present, engaged in a fresh conflict with the Burmese; but, through the impotence of our policy, if we achieve any victories, we shall in all likelihood throw away the fruits of them, though the true principle of our Asiatic policy would seem to be that of indefinite expansion; for, whenever we stop, the tide of events will inevitably set in against us.

What we have thus briefly indicated Mr. Horace St John has described at length, discussing carefully every question connected with the growth of our empire, and clearing our servants in the East from much of the obloquy so unjustly cast upon them. Admitting the fact, which he does not attempt to disguise, that he is an upholder of the East India Company, he may be said to have gone calmly, though with obvious partiality, through the whole of this very difficult and intricate subject. His views are often comprehensive, his remarks generally judicious, and his style full of brilliance and variety; his faults as a writer are, a too elaborate display of rhetorical powers, and an unwillingness to indulge in that repose of composition which supplies contrast, and is itself a large source of pleasure.

We select from various parts of the work passages which will enable the reader to judge of its character and merits. The following, in which the writer sums up the consequences resulting from the annexation of the Carnatic, exhibits much power and eloquence, while it conveys at the same time political lessons in the highest degree important:—

‘The annexation of the Carnatic was a perfect revolution. It was a revolution in the elements, in the principles, in the members, in the organs, of government. A new political, a new moral, a new social scheme was introduced. On all sides benefits were distributed. The native prince was saved from the tyranny of reckless adventurers swarming in his Court—from growing debts—from eternal complications, daily more confused—from the power of committing great crimes, and the danger of meeting their punishment. His people were rescued from an oppression which made a desert where the art of industrious ages had made a paradise, spoiled them of all the grateful fruits of peace, and left them to lament in misery, or endure in reptile torpor, the afflictions of servitude. The English were relieved from a heavy burden—from the perennial source of trouble—from dissensions without hope of settlement. The mind of Wellesley displayed itself on this occasion, lofty, pure, and luminous. The Carnatic is a monument to his fame.

‘It suited the purpose of a late writer, many of whose views are admirable, to declare that the scenes of ravage which have desolated India and drenched her plains with blood, have been equally terrible, whether the tide of conquest poured from the plains of Tartary, or after the Crescent and the Green Flag, or from the ranges of the west, or from the plateau above the Deccan, or from the decks of British transports. The Company may well afford to be condemned by such a judge. Even from their bitter and laborious prosecutor this acknowledgment is won, that, if the Governor-General held in view the true end for which government was instituted, and for which it ought to be upheld, he could stand with perfect assurance upon his policy. Its fruits were rich and precious. A wide and beautiful country was incorporated in the immense mass of the British Empire. Eighteen hundred years before, it had contributed a province to a Hindu monarchy; it had passed under the Muslim yoke, and few countries were so abundantly adorned with the monuments of piety, pride, or wealth; with temples dedicated to a solemn faith; with tombs erected by vanity as the receptacles of mortal dust; with palaces which no sovereign ought ever to have been rich enough to possess, and no people servile enough to build. Few also had exhibited more sad vicissitudes of fortune. It had been devastated by frequent wars; it had been swept by the fleet and fierce cavalry of the Mahrattas, of Hyder, and of Tippoo; its people had been slaughtered time after time by the light of their own blazing homes; it had been afflicted by chronic famine, with pestilence—its auxiliary genius—and now it was blessed by a happy revolution.’—Vol. i. 275.

The student of Indian history must often have found himself interested, and sometimes perplexed, by glimpses of the Pin-

darries, whose origin, power, and achievements may be reckoned among the most extraordinary circumstances in the annals of the Indian Peninsula. It inevitably excites our surprise to observe the coolness and recklessness with which such bodies of men commit crimes. To comprehend their state of mind, however, we need only follow them through their early training, and the subsequent events of their lives. Of these marauders Mr. St. John gives a lively account, for which we have not space.

Much anxiety was experienced, during our expeditions beyond the Indus, respecting the character and condition of Affghanistan, its wild and ferocious inhabitants, its rich and beautiful productions, its commerce, its industry, with the incipient traces of civilization discoverable in some of its greater cities. Mr. St. John presents the reader with a highly graphic and interesting picture of this region :—

‘The Persic Affghanistan is the country lying between Persia and India. It is inhabited by a martial race, but whether these were named “Lamentation,” as an exiled tribe of Judea, or from the descendants of Saul in Israel, from the Copts of Pharaoh’s army, or from the Jewish soldiers of the Arabian caliphs, or the Gaurian mountaineers, or the Gætic conquerors of Bactria, history does not decide ; for their true origin is unknown. Their chronicles show, however, that they are a people which, if united, might be conspicuous among the bravest and most powerful nations of Asia.

‘Including the rugged territories to the north-west, their country fills the whole space between Chitral, Kohistan, and Kunduz, between Giljit, Yessen, and the petty states of the Eastern hills, with the Indus, Bhawalpure, Sindh, Beluchistan, and Persia. Thus it has in parts a length of six hundred and sixty, and a breadth of five hundred miles. It is an elevated broken tract, with peaks from fifteen to twenty-one thousand feet in height, and deep valleys full of population. Four-fifths of the surface are mountainous and rocky ; there are a few bleak, unfruitful table-lands, whose scanty pasture feeds an occasional flock, and the rest is composed of valleys. These produce beautiful grain, and are adorned by the finest orchards,—peaches, apricots, nectarines, grapes, pomegranates, figs, mulberries, citrons, and other fruits, unsurpassed in beauty, abundance, and flavour, throughout the world. Their fertility, indeed, is excelled in no part of India, and their climate is pleasant and salubrious. Gold, silver, copper, lead, antimony, zinc, and sulphur, abound. Whole hills are in places formed of rich black iron ore, while coal is believed to be plentiful.

‘A large proportion of the Affghan tribes are pastoral, and wool might become an important element of wealth, besides the fine soft hair of the mountain goat, celebrated as a material for shawls. These fabrics, woven by the weavers of the valleys, are carried down in bales to be wrought in the looms of Dacca, receive brilliant dyes from the plains of lower India, and are prized all over the East as the garments of princesses and the beautiful girls devoted to please the sense of Oriental kings. Though

anarchy has been the prevailing condition of the country, commerce has never ceased to be active—flowing in one direction towards Hindustan, in another through Kelat to Sonmeanee, in another to central Asia; and this trade might be developed to an indefinite extent, if the politics of the whole region were happily settled. The Lohanis alone, a migratory tribe, half traders, half shepherds, lead annually hundreds of thousands of domestic animals with merchandise, to the delightful plains and rich pastures of the Kohi Damaun, proceeding in great numbers also to Dera Ismael Khan, and even to the mouths of the Hooghly, returning through the Derajat, and carrying supplies for traffic in the markets of Central Asia. If this system has flourished from ancient times—as it has, for the Lohani merchants were robbed by Baber three centuries and a half ago—notwithstanding every obstruction offered by barbarism and war, it is easy to imagine what a throng of commerce might fill the passes of Afghanistan whenever policy establishes it as the gate and citadel of British India.

‘The rude but acute and subtle Affghans have always been sufficiently powerful to excite alarm, and sufficiently exempt from the control of law to threaten the peace of their neighbours. Like India, their country has been frequently overrun, though never held long by rulers of one dynasty. Unable, however, to prevent strangers enjoying temporary triumphs and supremacy over their soil, they have continually invaded that of others.’
—Vol. ii. p. 138.

We conclude with the author's recapitulation of the results which have flowed from our Indian conquests. If the reader has gone carefully through the events of our history, he will probably acquiesce in many of the views put forward. Mr. St. John, however, speaks of the *Company* spreading the knowledge of Christianity, and says, ‘more than political, the Hindus have to gain religious emancipation.’ The accomplishment of this is one of the labours he points out for the future; but we fear he is not duly apprized of the spirit of its past ecclesiastical procedure. This has been thoroughly hostile, as is well known to every missionary society. The Company, incorporated as it is with the British system of government, favours establishments, lord bishops, cathedral stalls, and stipends for an opulent clergy; but we are sorry our author has not devoted a chapter to the noble work of the voluntary societies now blessing India, and promising to reclaim its people from heathenism to Christianity. This is indeed a glorious task; and the Company would simply have discharged its duty had it encouraged their pious efforts. But this it has not done.

It cannot be unknown to our readers, that the Church, the Baptist, the Wesleyan, the London, and other missionary societies, have long been labouring, and with great success, in India. In the *histories* of some of these societies, and in the periodical publications of all of them, ample mate-

rials exist for copious information on this most vital subject, to which the author might have had easy access. We deeply regret that in general works on India, all this information should be passed over or supplemented by misrepresentations. The literature of voluntary Christian missions in India has already become too voluminous and respectable to admit of excuse for such omissions or perversions. Their importance in themselves is greater than that of commercial progress or territorial aggrandizement, of political arrangements or military operations; and they represent the purest element in modern civilization, while they bear on remote consequences both in the personal and social welfare of the entire human family. We can conceive of no object so worthy of the vast and beneficent designs of Heaven, in permitting so powerful an ascendancy to England in the East, as that of diffusing through our agency that Gospel which makes the nations wise, virtuous, and happy; and we cannot look on the march of conquest opened to our arms in those distant regions, without hoping that whatever the amount of temporary evil, it is intended by the Supreme Ruler to remove all obstructions to the free passage of his own truth. Nor is it merely from *à priori* principles that we are led to such anticipations; all the facts of British history in India, including those which relate to the translation of the Scriptures, the establishment of schools, the spread of our language and literature, and pre-eminently the unfettered preaching of the Gospel, go to strengthen our convictions, and to animate our hopes. On all proper occasions it is our conscientious desire thus to bear our earnest testimony on behalf of the grandest undertaking of this adventurous age. We recommend the following summary to the attentive perusal of our readers, and readily give our assent to most of the statements it contains:—

We govern by right of lawful acquisition, and we govern by right of wise and virtuous administration. Reforms are required, and they will take place when public opinion insists upon them; but on the whole, India is, perhaps, considering the circumstances of its political and social history, one of the best governed countries in the world. . . . The monuments of a genuine and pious civilization are not pyramids or pagodas, or towers or columns, or any of those huge trophies by which the daring barbarian genius of a Pharaoh, or a Mogul, endeavoured to perpetuate its fame. The achievements of the English in India belong to another order. They have abolished the hideous crime of burning the wife with the remains of her husband, which sprang from the bloody idolatry of the Brahmins; they have extirpated infanticide from populations amid which the virtues of human nature appear to have been renewed; they had redeemed thousands from that superstitious horror of the widow's second marriage, which drove innumerable women to suicide, or

the last resort of moral degradation ; they have encouraged industry by protecting the people, first, in the prosecution of their labours, and then in the enjoyment of their gains ; they have extinguished the Thracian orgies of Juggernaut : they have prevented those chronic wars which formerly allowed vast military hordes to riot on a superfluity of plunder ; they have made great highways ; they are educating the people ; they are spreading the knowledge of Christianity ; and they are communicating the humanity of Europe to the swarthy idolaters of Asia. These are their monuments. Brass and marble never formed any so durable ; for these are the victories of civilization, which ratify the triumphs of the sword.

' If other monuments are required, India exhibits them—the noblest which can be imagined. The interest of money reduced from thirty-six or twelve to five per cent., is the sign of a credit more valuable than all the gilded tombs of all the kings ; the rapid influx of population to every conquered province, is evidence of beneficent rule, better than flaunting records can afford ; the steady decrease of crime, during thirty years, proves the establishment of a justice whose administration is acknowledged to be good, mild, and speedy ; the extirpation of gang-robbers has given safety to the highway ; the decrease of fortifications round the villages, and the voluntary disarmament of the peasantry, show that security exists ; and sixteen thousand beautiful gardens, extensive as parks—laid out within a few years in Bengal alone—exhibit a tranquillity and content of which there is no trace in any former period of Indian history. Along the coasts, the security of trade is complete, while formerly the maritime population was characteristically piratical—the Sudra tribe of Kaloris especially, on the western shores, avowing the profession of robbers, not only without disguise, but with pride.

' As for substantial monuments, do they not abound ? The tanks repaired, the roads, the harbours, the aqueducts, constructed ; the extended irrigation ; the jungle changed into rice-fields ; the rise of a middle class ; the creation of a great market ; the organized police ; the clothing of naked millions—even the extraordinary improvement in the breed of horses—these are monuments more splendid than the trophies of Nadir or Akbar. And the institutions erected in the East by the superior and diffusive genius of English charity are better testimonies of our rule than all the palaces, pagodas, and tombs, from Malabar to the Himalaya. When, also, I hear that we have left India more desolate than the realm of the savage and the haunt of the obscene vulture, I ask what government ever bequeathed more honourable memorials than the villages—more than two thousand in number—which were, in Holkar's country alone, rebuilt and re-peopled in the course of three years ? And how much has India not gained by her people being delivered from that bloody proscription of whole families and tribes, to which they were formerly liable from the capricious ferocity of their princes ?'—Vol. ii. p. 214.

ART. VIII.—*Flogging in the New Militia.*2. *Don't Enlist in the Militia.*

SUCH are the headings of two handbills issued by the Peace Society, intended to dissuade young men from volunteering into the militia. It would hardly be compatible with our dignity as reviewers to notice these specimens of wall literature, were it not that an unexpected distinction has been conferred upon them in the form of a government prosecution, to be conducted with all due parade by her Majesty's attorney-general. *O nimium fortunati libelli!* Oh, immortal placards! instead of ending your ephemeral existence, like your brother broadsheets, on dead walls and the shutters of forsaken shops, thus destined to be transplanted to cabinet councils, to shake the hearts of Home Secretaries, to engage the profound deliberation of the wisest ministry that England has ever seen, to be officially proclaimed in the 'Gazette,' to confront ermined Justice in her august halls, to engage all the elaborate apparatus of legal wisdom and state, and then to be transmitted to posterity embalmed in the fragrant forensic eloquence of the profound Sir Frederick Thesiger and the pathetic Sir Fitzroy Kelly! It really is scarcely possible to treat the matter seriously; and yet it is a serious matter, involving no less a question than the right of Englishmen to discuss the character of the laws under which they live. If the promoters of these bills may be indicted for a seditious libel, we venture to say that there is not a newspaper published in the United Kingdom which may not with equal plausibility be laid hold of; for scarcely a week passes wherein we do not find in the pages of our public journals comments on some of the laws and institutions of this country, far bolder and stronger than anything which these placards contain. For what, our readers may be curious to know, is the nature of these terrible missiles which have succeeded in disturbing the profound political hybernation of the Derby ministry, and tempted them to the perilous game of a state prosecution against the liberty of the press? The redoubtable sheets are now before us. The first is headed by a woodcut engraving of a military flogging, drawn, as we understand, from the life, and followed by a description, from the pen of eye-witnesses, or actual sufferers, of the true nature of this brutal and degrading punishment. Attention is then called to the fact that the military and other members of the House of Commons positively refused, after a long and earnest discus-

sion raised by Mr. Bright's amendment, to surrender the right to use the cat-o'-nine-tails in the militia. The young men of England who may be tempted by the bounty, are therefore warned that they will be liable to this punishment if they volunteer into the ranks of the new force. The other bill consists mainly of an abstract of some of the provisions of the Militia-law, *conveyed in the very language of the Act of Parliament itself*, followed by an earnest request to young men and their parents to ponder these provisions well ere they entertain the idea of voluntary enlistment. Let it be distinctly understood that these bills contain no other advice than that the young men of this country should *use the liberty which this very Militia-law allows them*, of refusing the proffered bounty, and declining to enter the service. It was the loudest boast of the present government on behalf of their bill, as compared with that of their predecessors, that by making the enlistment voluntary, the hardship and oppression which all admit attend a militia measure would be greatly mitigated, if not entirely removed. It might have been thought that this right to choose accorded to the people of England involved also the right to know the reasons on either side which might serve to decide their choice. It appears, however, that this was a mistake. Great pains, indeed, are taken to acquaint them with one side of the question. The authority of lord-lieutenants, the influence of landlords and employers, the persuasive powers of recruiting-sergeants and policemen, and the winning eloquence of the gin-glass and beer-pot, may be employed *ad libitum* to enforce the blessings and advantages of this militia service to the utmost. 'With respect to recruiting,' said the Duke of Cleveland, at a meeting of the lieutenancy of the county of Durham, 'he thought they should have sergeants or soldiers from the line for the purpose of recruiting. They know the way to enlist men, and when they found a man half inclined, *they had a peculiar manner of coaxing, just as a candidate coaxes his constituents.*' Yes, we know how sergeants from the line, and some candidates also, practise 'coaxing,' by glosing and cajolery, by bribery and drunkenness, by equivocation and falsehood, by everything that can debase the nature of their victims as men and as citizens. To seize a raw clown, whom they may see wandering open-mouthed at a country fair, and wheedle him into a public-house by the promise of drink, and detain him there until—his brain being muddled with ale and his poor half-awakened intellect bewildered by ribald songs and fabulous tales of a soldier's life and glory—he is tempted into accepting the bounty; to parade him through the street, as a decoy-duck to other dupes, bedecked with ribands, and grinning in maudlin imbecility, and then to drag him before the

nearest magistrates, while he is yet reeking with the fumes of his recent debauch, where, to use Cowper's graphic description,

'Sheepish he doffs his hat, and mumbling swears

A Bible-oath to be whate'er they please,

To do he knows not what—'

to do all this, we say, is deemed a loyal, patriotic, and honourable thing; and dukes and marquises, lord-lieutenants and justices of the peace, are not ashamed to take part in so pitiful a plot against their ignorant and unwary neighbours. But if a number of gentlemen—of many of whom it may be fairly said that they are second to no class in this country for their high moral character and their active philanthropy—taking pity on these poor rustics, step forward and say to them: 'Understand that the law gives you a free choice whether you shall enter into this service or not; and, before you do so, it is well you should know that there are other things in the Militia-law besides bounty and beer-money; that when you enlist you make yourselves subject to the Mutiny Act, and the Articles of War; that you are liable to heavy fines and imprisonments for certain offences against military discipline; that if you fail to join your battalion when ordered by your officers, you may be drafted into the regular army, and sent as a soldier to any part of her Majesty's foreign dominions; and that by the verdict of a court-martial you may be adjudged to receive fifty lashes with the cat-o'-nine-tails on your bare back,'—if this is done, why those same parties who are actors or accomplices in such wretched exploits as we have described above, become transported with loyal indignation, issue their summons to printers and bill-stickers, and besiege the Home Secretary with their supplications to institute state prosecutions against men, to the full as loyal, patriotic, and honourable as themselves, as 'wicked and seditious libellers.'

Perhaps the true secret of the immoderate wrath into which these gentlemen have been betrayed may be found in the announcements which fill the columns of the 'Gazette,' week by week, of official appointments in the militia, compared with the returns received from various parts of the country of the number of volunteers who have joined this redoubtable corps. It is quite clear there is to be no lack of officers. Ambitious squires, younger sons, and military gentlemen on half-pay, rush forward, with an ardour and a devotion that is quite affecting, to claim all the posts to which there is attached either emolument or honour. But what if there be no men? The English nation is hardly in the temper to pay a staff of officers that cannot find an army. And if so, and the peasants and artisans of this country are inexorably deaf to the voice of the charmer, and

will not enrol themselves under the banners of these valiant knights, what is to become of the newly-installed colonels, and majors, and adjutants in the militia? *Hinc illæ lacrymæ!*

Whether the inculcated bills of the Peace Society may have had any influence in producing that result we know not, but it would certainly appear that the voluntary enlistment has, to a great extent, proved a failure. In many parts of the country, scarcely any portion of the allotted quota has been enrolled. In others, it is far short of the required complement, and in almost all, the volunteers (as was, indeed, foreseen by all but her Majesty's government) consist, not of respectable young men from the middle and working classes, but of that vicious and vagabond population which are always hanging loose on society, and ready to accept any bounty or bribe which will afford them the means of momentary indulgence. We confess that this is a result which we have witnessed, not only without regret, but with sincere satisfaction. We hold in utter contempt the absurd cant that indisposition to military service is a proof of effeminacy or cowardice. *They* must have curious notions, certainly, of what constitutes the elements of manly character, who imagine that they are either indicated or produced by submission to a three weeks' drilling in the awkward squad of the militia. One would think that the bold and adventurous spirit by which Englishmen are carrying the conquests of their industry and commerce to the uttermost ends of the earth, and the gigantic enterprises on sea and land which they are constantly accomplishing, utterly regardless of toil or hazard, would be enough to vindicate them from the charge of national enervation, without the necessity of their assuming a scarlet coat, a military stock, pipe-clayed trowsers, and a musket, and residing in a public-house or a gin-shop for a month annually, by way of proving their intrepidity and stoutness of heart. We read, on the contrary, in this reluctance to volunteer in the militia force, the growth of a higher moral feeling among the young men of England, which shrinks from the contaminating associations of the barracks and the billeting-room, and of that true manliness and self-respect which despises the wretched tinsel of military display, and abhors the inevitable degradation of military discipline.

We confess we are far from satisfied that this country has need of any addition to its national defences. Certainly if more of our national resources are to be flung into this all-devouring abyss of military expenditure, the people of this country will do well to ponder first a few facts like the following:—Porter, in his 'Progress of the Nation,' shows that during the first fifty-two years of the present century,—that is, from

1801 to 1852,—we have already expended on our army, navy, and ordnance, *more than thirteen hundred millions of pounds sterling* (£1,300,000,000). Of this sum considerably more than one-half has been spent since the peace. In a paper published by the Peace Society on the eve of the late election, there is an elaborate statement, the result of careful search into all parliamentary documents relating to our military forces, made by Mr. Hume, Mr. Cobden, and Mr. William Williams, and signed by them as an attestation of its authority, in which it is shown that there has been, since the year 1835, an increase to our forces of all kinds, apart from the militia, of 72,586 men! The expense of our military establishments during this year, including militia and Caffre war, amounts to £16,500,000. The estimates for the last two items we have mentioned are about £1,000,000, leaving fifteen millions and a-half for our regular defensive establishments.

‘Had any one of them realized,’ said Mr. Cobden, in his speech against the Militia at Marylebone, ‘what fourteen or fifteen millions really meant? That was one of the difficulties with which they had to deal. People heard of fourteen or fifteen millions being voted, and the matter passed away as if it had been a vote of so many farthings, and there was no process of comparison or computation by which they could realize in their minds what it was. He would give some illustrations to show what it was. The rated rental of all the real property in Middlesex, Kent, Sussex, and Essex, the metropolitan counties, was £13,924,000. The sum voted for the defence of the country for the present year, therefore, was greater than the rental of the four metropolitan counties! And yet the great public instructors told them that the country was left defenceless, and nothing had been done for its defence! Then again, Lancashire and Yorkshire, the backbone of England, without whose gigantic industry and trade she would not be able to hold the position she now occupied, with all their mills, and manufactories, and mines, and railroads, had only a rated rental of £12,500,000, or nearly two millions less than had been voted this year for the national defence. Then, take that great industrial department of the country, the cotton manufacture, which a gentleman who lately delivered a lecture on the subject before the Prince Consort at the Society of Arts, stated to employ directly and indirectly about three millions of people. The whole of the raw cotton employed by that great manufacture costs only as much as was spent on the national defences this year. What was now paid for the army and navy and ordnance would pay 10s. a week (no very high average of wages) to 500,000 agricultural labourers in a year, as many as

were required to raise the food consumed in England, the produce of her own soil.'

But if, in the face of these astounding facts, the people of England are still so frightened as to call for more national defences, then we venture to say, there is no conceivable form in which this can be done, in which the *maximum* of annoyance and mischief to the country can be so ingeniously combined with the *minimum* of efficiency for its avowed purpose, as by the enrolment of the militia.

It must be remembered that the object for which this force is organized, as was again and again declared by its promoters, is to repel a *sudden* invasion of our shores, 'thrown' to employ the words of the Earl of Derby, 'at the notice of a few hours upon the coast of this country,' an invasion, 'not for the purpose of attempting permanent occupation, but for insult and aggression.' And to accomplish this end, we are to trust a body of men who will consist, beyond doubt, of the most unsettled and wandering part of our population, who are to be assembled for only three weeks in the year, and who in the intervals,—even if many of them (as is most probable) do not leave the country and go off to Canada or the diggings,—will be scattered over the whole face of the land, within reach of no trumpet or bugle call at the moment when they are most wanted. It is scarcely possible to put the folly of relying on such a force in a stronger light than the Marquis of Lansdowne did in the speech, in which, nevertheless, with curious inconsistency, he supported the measure. 'There was another consideration,' said his lordship, 'patent, under the provisions of this bill—viz., the very great uncertainty of obtaining these men again when once they had been parted with. He approved of the ballot being made as remote as possible, but in relying upon volunteers we relied upon men gathered from all parts of the country, and upon persons of a most locomotive description. The House might depend upon it, that upon an emergency the whole time of the non-commissioned officers would be occupied in pursuing those men from one part of the country to the other, and in bringing them back to those colours which many of them might have motives for abandoning. He could not consider, therefore, that the army to be raised under this bill, if it could be called an army at all, would prove to be one which could be relied upon.'

And it is remarkable enough, that at the very time when certain parties in this country are trying to get up a spurious enthusiasm for this system of citizen-soldiership, proposals are everywhere afloat in those countries where it has existed longest and in its highest perfection, to abandon it altogether, on account of its helpless military inefficiency. The French

National Guard has been dissolved, after having been proved by long experience to be equally worthless for defending liberty and for upholding government. The Prussian Landwehr, to which our own statesmen so confidently appealed during the discussions on the Militia Bill, is now, we are told, all but universally condemned by the most competent authorities in that kingdom. The 'Times' own correspondent, writing recently from Berlin, says: 'The test of the efficiency of the Landwehr, furnished by the sudden summons of 1850, has evidently increased the misgivings long prevalent on that point among military men. It was asserted after the confusion had subsided, that the millions the measure (*i. e.* the summons) cost were well bestowed; defects were revealed that might have led, had war broken out, to awful disasters. . . . A pamphlet by Major von Luek, an old and experienced officer, advocates the abolition of the whole Landwehr system as faulty, being founded on no real principle, but the feeling roused by a passing event. . . . He denies that the Landwehr service is popular. The man who enters it is liable to be taken from his work or place just when he is beginning to establish himself in life, to his certain loss and possible ruin; for this he has not even an ideal reward, for it can hardly be said that a Landwehr regiment is a living military body at all. A man does not feel it a pride, but merely a material loss and a moral plague to belong to it.'

No less emphatic is the testimony we receive in regard to the American militia, to which also many triumphant references were made during the debates in the House of Commons. An American author now before us remarks: 'It has been a source of general corruption to the community, and formed habits of idleness, dissipation, and profligacy. It did a great deal to flood our land with intemperance, and muster-fields have generally been scenes or occasions of gambling, licentiousness, and almost every vice. The history of our militia drills is a tissue of such facts. In answer to inquiries made by our general government in 1826, *the highest officers of the militia in different sections of the country represented* "militia musters as prejudicial to the morals of the community; as assemblies of idle and dissipated persons; as making idlers and drunkards rather than soldiers; as attended, under the most favourable circumstances, with riot, drunkenness, and every species of immorality; as *always* scenes of the lowest and most destructive dissipation, where nothing was acquired but the most pernicious habits.'"

But while utterly inefficient for military purposes, the militia, it will be seen, is an admirable contrivance for spreading demoralization and vice among the people. All ministers, parents,

and Sunday school teachers, should get by heart the following clause from the present Act:—‘That all mayors, bailiffs, and other chief magistrates, are required to *quarter and billet the officers and men of the Militia, when called out to annual exercise, in inns, livery-stables, ale-houses, victualling-houses, and all houses of persons selling brandy, strong waters, cyder, wines, or metheglin, by retail.*’ Already the provincial papers are beginning to be filled with sad and sickening descriptions of scenes of disgusting drunkenness and debauchery, exhibited by the poor wretches who have accepted the government bounty, at the time of their enlistment; some, we are told, ‘too drunk to be sworn in;’ others, already committed to jail for savage assaults upon their comrades. But we know not how we can better express our sentiments on this part of the subject, than by borrowing the following language of a contemporary:—‘Of the corrupting influence of military service, both on its immediate subjects and the community at large, why need we speak? Let the state of our garrison towns and the neighbourhood of our barracks testify. And if we need additional illustration, we have only to look to the moral condition of the large towns and cities on the continent, in reference to which we could produce facts that would startle and appal our readers. We will mention, however, only this one:—In Munich, the population returns show that the number of illegitimate births exceeds the legitimate. Facts of a similar nature, though not quite so bad in degree, may be stated of most other continental cities. And in reply to inquiries we have made, as to the cause of this frightful and prodigious increase of social corruption, the unanimous judgment of those we have questioned has been, that it is owing, in a main degree, to the enormous number of military of every kind which constantly infest the large towns. In this respect, the militia would be infinitely worse than even the regular soldiery. For these latter are a class apart, mixing but little with general society; the severe military discipline to which they are subjected forming a sort of sanitary cordon, which restricts, to a certain extent, the spread of the moral pestilence they everywhere breed. But the militia having been brought for three weeks or a month, yearly, into the very focus of the disease, are sent back into the bosom of the community, as if for the very purpose of diffusing in the families and neighbourhood to which they return the deadly infection of their licentious and dissolute morals. An English officer, publishing an account of his recent travels in Germany, and remarking on the social effects of the Landwehr, observes—“This universal soldier-ship is assuredly a curse; the enlisting of men for a term of many years forms better soldiers and spoils fewer citizens.

Doubtless many youths, their 'three years of heroship expired,' return to their homes lost and polluted men, and spread wide the taint of immorality." No less certain it is, that this "force of citizen soldiers," as it is sometimes pompously called, is the very best device that can be conceived for spreading among the people a taste for arms, and a disposition to have recourse to them as the great remedy for all social and political ills under which they may labour. What has led the populations of France and Germany so rashly to seize the sword, as the means of extorting concessions from their own governments, instead of employing that moral power of public opinion, by which the popular will has, in this country, achieved such splendid and enduring triumphs in the cause of civil, religious, and commercial freedom?—what but the military education through which they are almost universally made to pass by means of this boasted system of citizen-soldiership? And can any man of ordinary sagacity doubt, that if you train a large body of the lowest and least intelligent classes in this country to the use of arms, the danger may become imminent—should a crisis similar to that solemn one through which we passed in 1847 again recur—that these men will employ such skill as they have acquired in leading their ignorant, and perhaps severely suffering countrymen, in a crusade against the authorities?"

But be the merits or demerits of the militia law what they may, the question between the government and the Peace Society, in reference to these placards, is one of far wider compass and significance. For, virtually, it is nothing less than this: Have we, as Englishmen, the right to express our disapproval of what we deem faulty or foolish in any of our laws or institutions? Or is this liberty to be suddenly withdrawn from us, by a government determined 'to stem the progress of democracy?' There may be many in this country who have no particular faith in the principles, or sympathy with the views, of the Peace Society. There may be others who think they are utterly mistaken in their judgment both of the necessity and the value of a militia. But we believe there is no true friend of freedom in the kingdom, whatever be his opinions on these points, who will not resent this insolent attempt of a Tory administration to suppress liberty of discussion, and cheer on the committee of the above institution in all the efforts they may make to resist this first, but, we may be sure, if successful, not the last, encroachment on that only true guarantee of civilization and progress—a bold and unfettered press.

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Three Years in Europe; or, Places I have seen, and People I have met.
 By W. Wells Brown, a Fugitive Slave. With a Memoir of the Author.
 By William Farmer, Esq. London: Gilpin. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1852.

THE extraordinary excitement produced by 'Uncle Tom' will, we hope, prepare the public of Great Britain and America for this lively book of travels, by a *real* Fugitive Slave. The author was 'raised' at Lexington, *Kentucky*, in 1814, and removed, while an infant, to Missouri. There he saw his mother flogged on the bare back for being a few minutes behind her time in the field. After this, he was hired to a Virginian, Major Freeland, a cruel wretch, from whom he escaped to the woods; was hunted with dogs, recovered, and terribly punished. He subsequently became the hired slave of a steam-boat captain, then of an hotel-keeper, a native of a *free* state, and afterwards of the proprietor of the 'St. Louis Times,' a kind master. We next have him as a waiter in a steamer on the Mississippi, and then labouring in the field under a burning sun. Again, he became the domestic servant of his owner—a relative of his father—whose family he drove to church, having to stand by the horses outside, while they were attending to the worship of God within. At sixteen years of age, he was hired to a slave-dealer, and became familiar with the scenes of horror and wickedness inseparable from that trade. Returning to his owner, he learned that he and his mother were about to be sold, because their kinsman was in want of money. They attempted to escape, but were driven back into slavery. The mother was sold into the south; the son became the property of a merchant tailor, and was sold by him to a Captain Enoch Price, of St. Louis, who employed him as his coachman. The master took the slave, along with his family, up the river to Cincinnati. As the steamer lay near that city, he made his

escape and fled to the woods. After much suffering and privation, he was hospitably received by a venerable member of the Society of Friends, whose name he assumed. He refused to buy his freedom; and, protected by the power of public opinion *against* the laws of the United States, he laboured for six years as a lecturer for anti-slavery societies in New York and Massachusetts. For legally securing his personal freedom, and for the purpose of constantly giving 'a living lie' to the doctrine of African inferiority, he was deputed by the American Committee in connexion with the Peace Congress to represent them in Europe.

His *last* experience of the American prejudice against colour was on board the *Canada* which bore him to this land, where he was 'recognised as a man and an equal.' At Paris, he was greeted as a powerful public speaker, by Victor Hugo, Cobden, and Tocqueville. In London, he was elected an honourable member of the Whittington Club. For the last three years he has been employed as a public lecturer in the principal towns of the three kingdoms. It is a curious fact that Mr. Enoch Price, Mr. Brown's former master, visited this country during the Exhibition last year, when he made diligent inquiry after his lost 'property;' but in vain. It would have been a remarkable meeting.

We have, then, in this volume, the first history of travels by a 'Fugitive Slave.' Though he never had a day's schooling in his life, he has produced a literary work not unworthy of a highly-educated gentleman. Our readers will find in these 'Letters' much instruction, not a little entertainment, and the beatings of a manly heart on behalf of a down-trodden race, with which they will not fail to sympathize. Our old friend, James Montgomery, whom Mr. Brown found reading the 'Eclectic,' will be surprised at seeing his name associated with those of 'Defoe, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Chaucer,' as 'having been incarcerated within the walls' of the Tower of London; and Mr. Brown will have the goodness, in the next edition, to remember that it was in 'York Castle,' not in the 'Tower,' that the poet of freedom was a prisoner. We may, at the same time, notice that the 'Royal Academy' is the proper designation of the institution which has its rooms in the 'National Gallery.' The figure of Gulliver looking down on Lilliputians, which the writer had applied to Windsor, might be omitted from the description of York Minster.

The Notions of the Chinese concerning God and Spirits; with an Examination of the Defence of an Essay on the Proposed Renderings of the words Elohim and Theos into the Chinese Language, by William J. Boone, D.D., Missionary Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States to China. By the Rev. James Legge, D.D., of the London Missionary Society. Hongkong: Printed at the 'Hongkong Register' Office. 1852.

WE cannot be expected to enter fully into the discussion of the very important question treated in this volume. Having failed to procure the assistance of an eminent professor of Oriental languages, we are under the necessity of expressing the best judgment we can form by persons not conversant with the Chinese language. The point of controversy between

Dr. Boone on the one hand, and Drs. Legge, Medhurst, and Bowring, Sir George Staunton, and Mr. Doty, on the other, may be briefly stated thus :—Dr. Boone maintains that the Chinese have no word in their language answering to our word GOD ; that the general or generic name of the Chinese gods is *Shin* ; and that, therefore, this word *Shin* should be used to render *Elohim* and *Theos*. On the contrary, Dr. Legge argues that the *Shin* of the Chinese answers to the word *Spirit*, and ought to be employed in that sense alone ; that the Chinese have a word *Shang-Te*, answering to *Elohim*, *Theos*, and GOD ; and that this word—not *Shin*—is the proper word to be used in rendering *Elohim* or *Theos* into Chinese. To these assertions of Dr. Legge, Dr. Boone replied in his ‘Defence,’ and the work now before us is an elaborate and critical examination of that ‘Defence.’ We cannot follow the writer in his wide range of Chinese literature, or in the acute and lucid investigations with which he has filled his 166 closely printed pages. We can only say that, accepting his translations of Chinese documents as accurate, he appears to us to have made out his case. In addition to the importance of correctly rendering such awfully momentous words as *Elohim* and *Theos* in the Holy Scriptures, we have been much edified by the proofs afforded in this discussion that, as among the ancient Greeks and Romans, so among the Chinese, there are such unquestionable traces of the recognition of one Supreme Being. As the translators of the ‘Septuagint’ were right in translating *Elohim* by *Theos*, as *Theos* is used in the Greek New Testament—as *Deus* in Latin, with its modifications in modern languages derived from Latin—and God, in its modifications in the northern languages of Europe—are accepted as rendering *Theos*, it certainly appears to us that the proper rendering of the same words in Chinese, is not *Shin*, but *Shang-Te* ; and that, in every one of these instances alike, the propriety of the translation rests on the fact, that, in each language respectively, these words represent the fundamental idea to which the Scriptures appeal as already in men’s minds, and which is enlarged and elevated by their glorious revelations of the acts and attributes of the Highest Being. It cannot but be a matter of regret that a keen controversy on this subject should have continued so long, without any near prospect of agreement or compromise ; but, while gravely sensible of the present evil, and frankly acknowledging the difficulties that beset the question, so voluminously attested in the correspondence of the British and Foreign Bible Society, it is due to our convictions of truth that we should say, with becoming deference to Chinese scholars who take a different view, that Dr. Legge and those who think with him are right. We can have no interest in the question but one—that the Chinese should have the most appropriate word in their language for the name of GOD. According to the lights we have, and the best exercise of our judgment, that word is *Shang-Te*.

The Advocate; his Training, Practice, Rights, and Duties. By Edward W. Cox, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Vol. I. London : John Crockford.

Our readers will best understand the general character of this work by an enumeration of the ‘Contents’ of the thirty-seven chapters of which it

consists—‘The Introduction, Capacities, Natural Qualifications, Physical Qualifications, Mental Qualifications, Pecuniary Resources, Will and Courage, the Training of the Advocate, Moral Training, Practical Morals, Intellectual Training, How to Study, How to Read, What to Read, Studies for Information, Studies that Educate, Professional Studies, Physical Training, the Art of Speaking, Practice in Chambers, the Inns of Court, Student Life in the Temple, the Call, Reflection, Choice of a Circuit, the Circuit, Practice in Chambers, Cases for Opinion, Advising on Evidence, Reading a Brief, Consultations, the Practice of the Courts, the Examination in Chief, Cross-examination, Re-examination, the Defence, the Reply.’

On these numerous and entertaining topics Mr. Cox treats with much force, good sense, and elegance. His style is singularly free from all lawyer-like verbosity. In some parts of the work—as in his racy description of ‘Student Life in the Temple’—he discovers considerable graphic and artistic skill as a writer. The youthful student will not, therefore, be repelled from the many valuable lessons of instruction which the book contains, by any crudity or dulness in its style. ‘Blackstone’s Commentaries’ would not have been half as much read and remembered but for the alluring fascination of their almost faultless composition.

Mr. Cox, in his most appropriate Dedication—made, by permission, to Lord Denman—speaks, we think, somewhat too despondingly with regard to the future prospects of the profession of an advocate in this country. But it should be recollected that it is a prodigiously wealthy, and what is better, an intelligent, a moral, and a *free* country. So long as the priceless blessings of freedom of speech and discussion, liberty of the press, and trial by jury shall be maintained intact, the Bar can never fail to be a noble profession, that will afford fine scope for pecuniary success and proud distinction to a fair proportion of its members. It is now, and for some years past has been, most enormously overstocked; but things in this respect will find their appropriate level.

It is the more creditable, however, to our author, that, with such gloomy forebodings, he has, nevertheless, bravely aroused himself to the praiseworthy task of aiding the crowd of youthful aspirants for success along their toilsome and somewhat discouraging path. Though it may not be a very flowery or even road which the young advocate has now to travel, it still leads to the Temple of Fame. We know not, in conclusion, that we can express more correctly our sense of the value of this treatise than by saying, that the very fact of the appearance of *such* a work, *at the present moment*, is a bright sign of hope to cheer up our spirits against the depressing effects of the plaintive vaticinations of our afflicted jurist.

General and Mixed Education. A Lecture delivered at University College, London: introductory to the Opening of the Classes, in the Faculty of Arts and Laws, at the Commencement of the Session, October 15th, 1851. With an Appendix. By John Hoppus, LL.D., F.R.S. London: Taylor, Walton, and Maberly.

As our views of the various schemes of ‘National Education’ are well known, and our objections to all of them excepting those supported on the

voluntary principle have been repeatedly given in these pages, we do not feel called upon to discuss them in noticing this 'Lecture.' The calm and courteous spirit in which Dr. Hoppus refers to the 'conscientiousness' of parties holding such views is beyond all praise; and though we are unable to modify our judgment against all the other schemes, we are free to concede that their supporters may be quite as conscientious as ourselves. The difference between us is,—that *we do not* ask for compulsory support from parishes or government, while *they do*; consequently, we have them at liberty to labour for the education of the people in their own way, so long as they do not seek to enforce our co-operation in the shape of rates and taxes. We do not agree with those who think there is any analogy between free public schools for all and schools or colleges for those who pay the fees to teachers and professors. We rejoiced in the establishment of the London University, and we still deem it worthy of all the consideration which Dr. Hoppus claims on its behalf; yet we cannot but regard with complacency the more comprehensive system of THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON, in which the earlier institution is now absorbed as 'University College.'

It is more for the interests of the higher education that twenty-nine colleges throughout the kingdom should have the power of granting certificates for degrees than that such a power should be confined to one college in the metropolis. No parties are more bound by consistency to hail this extension of liberal culture than the supporters of University College; and we believe that there are none who contemplate this state of things with higher satisfaction than Dr. Hoppus himself. We are convinced that the multiplication of colleges is a good, and can become an evil only when they are feebly conducted, or when they become rivals in a hostile sense. On some collateral questions mooted by the author in his Appendix we forbear remarking, further than to say—we deeply regret, with him, that 'THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON' does not give the encouragement which we think ought to be given to *psychological and ethical studies*, thus falling below the Universities of Scotland, Ireland, France, and Germany, and the Owens College, Manchester, as well as University College at Sidney, in Australia. There is much in Dr. Hoppus' 'Lecture' which our readers will find highly instructive, and nothing to offend the most fastidious taste.

The Napoleon Dynasty; or, the History of the Bonaparte Family. An entirely new work. By the Berkeley Men. With twenty-two authentic Portraits. 8vo, pp. 624. New York: Cornish, Lamport, and Co. London: J. Chapman.

IN a brief advertisement prefixed to this volume, the American publishers inform us—'It has been often remarked in Europe, that if an impartial history of Napoleon and his Times should ever be written, it would come from America.' We were not aware of this fact. The remark had never reached us, and now that it has done so, we fail to discover its reasonableness. Certainly it receives no confirmation from the volume before us; for, whatever be its qualities, *impartiality* does not rank amongst them. A more thorough-going or one-sided advocacy of the present ruler of France

has never been attempted. The object of the work, we are informed, 'is to furnish, in a single volume, authentic biographies of the principal members of the Bonaparte family: to gather and array from many volumes into one, valuable, rare, and interesting materials now floating on the turbid ocean of modern history—beyond the reach of all but the adventurous, the curious, or the learned.' So far the volume is interesting, and may be read with advantage; but there is evidently another and deeper purpose in it—not, indeed, avowed, but sufficiently conspicuous to be traced by every intelligent reader. Louis Napoleon, significantly styled 'Emperor of the French Republic,' is the hero of the work, for whose exculpation it has been prepared.

We have no faith in the *American* origin of the work. Its style is French; many of its words savor of continental authorship, the structure of its sentences is artificial and artistic, and its materials are, to a considerable extent, derived from Bonapartist sources. We look upon it as one of the many efforts now made to create a public sentiment, favorable to the existing order of things in France. As an able, brilliant, and unscrupulous piece of advocacy, it has high merits; but as a contribution to impartial history, it is utterly valueless. Contemporaneous history, it is admitted, has pronounced the *coup d'état* 'a usurpation without parallel;' but the state of France, it is argued, rendered something of the kind inevitable, and the act itself 'has been sustained by a very large majority of the French people.' 'The Napoleon dynasty,' we are assured, 'is the only possible compromise between Bourbonism and the American type of well-balanced democratic liberty.' How long that liberty would survive, if the principles of 'the Berkeley Men' were prevalent in the States, we need not say. We have no fear of this result—much less that it can be compassed by such glaring omissions, and intentional misconstructions of history, as this volume exhibits. As a collection of anecdotes, illustrative of the career and policy of many distinguished personages, the book has great charms, and as such we recommend it. In any more serious light, it merits severe castigation.

Miscellanies. By James Martineau. London: John Chapman. 1852.

THIS is a reprint of papers, by Mr. Martineau, in various periodicals, which have been collected by Messrs. Crosby and Nicholls, of Boston, U.S. The papers are on 'The Life, Character, and Works of Dr. Priestly;' 'The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D.D.:' 'Church and State;' 'Theodore Parker's Discourse of Religion;' 'Phases of Faith;' 'The Church of England;' 'The Battle of the Churches.' Most of these compositions are well known to such of our readers as care for these matters. We greatly differ from Mr. Martineau on some of the most fundamental questions in theology. While he has much beauty of thought and of expression, his generalizations are hasty; his reasonings are superficial; his animosity towards evangelical Christianity is bitter and unsparing; and his hold of *revealed* truth is so slight as to suggest the apprehension, that if he had strength of intellect and purpose to push his opinions to their legitimate consequences, his position in relation to religion, whether natu-

ral or revealed, would be far removed from that which he now holds. The path that leads away from faith in the Son of God is one which appears to us to afford no resting-place but simple atheism, under whatever guise of metaphysical philosophy it may be hidden. On that path the writers of this school are sliding with more or less rapidity : some of them with a consciousness of this tendency, and others without it, yet all unanimous in the denial of the truths which constitute what we believe to be the very essence of the Gospel. With these views, we look with sober sadness at the prominence and activity which characterize the movements of disbelief. There is no fear in our sadness, excepting for the victims of these plausible negations. A healthy reaction has already set in. Solid learning, genuine criticism, moral soundness, and practical sagacity, are ever on the side of the true. Both literature and science are becoming more decidedly tributary to the popular theology of the New Testament. We can wait for the passing by of clouds—the temporary disturbances of scepticism—surely trusting to the progress of that truth which is the parent of freedom, the light of man, and the revelation of God.

The Republic of Plato, Translated into English; with an Introduction, Analysis, and Notes. By John Llewelyn Davies, M.A., and David James Vaughan, M.A., Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge : Macmillan and Co. 1852.

WE cheerfully commend this translation both to those who can and to those who cannot compare it with the original. The introduction and the analysis are both valuable. We apprehend that Plato is perpetually lauded or censured by writers who know little, if anything, of his philosophy as expressed by himself; and we know not that the translators and the spirited publishers of this attractive volume could have rendered a better service to true philosophy than by thus bringing so celebrated a treatise before the English reader. The version is faithful and elegant, though the translators acknowledge that while 'the thoughts may be represented with sufficient accuracy in another shape, yet the grace of the style can scarcely fail to perish in a translation.' Not a few of our readers, we trust, will be induced, by the aids here afforded them, to study the original until they feel the lofty glow of its spiritual aspirations, the elevation of its moral tone, and the grandeur of its musical expression. The limits of human speculation were touched by the great Athenian, and left him perplexed by those profound and ever-pressing questions of which we find the true solution in the authoritative revelations of the Gospel. What Plato hoped, Jesus has *proved*, and his inspired apostles have taught, while the Christian theory of man and of his social relations is built on the foundations laid by the hand of God himself in the deepest instincts of our nature. Even the errors of Plato are instructive; and no candid student of his writings in the present day can fail to acknowledge his immeasurable superiority to the self-styled philosophers who see nothing but material phenomena, giving no heed to the universal voice of consciousness, while they deride immortality as a dream, and religion as a superstition. And we venture to suggest, that the study of Plato by the great English divines of the seventeenth century might be renewed with advantage by their successors in our own day.

Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases, classified and arranged so as to facilitate the Expression of Ideas, and assist in Literary Composition.
By Peter Mark Roget, M.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., &c. &c. &c. London : Longmans. 1852.

It seems scarcely fair to give only a 'brief notice' of so elaborate a work as this; and yet it would be difficult to do it justice even in a long review. We regard it very highly. Its object, as the writer clearly states, is exactly the converse of that of an ordinary dictionary. 'The purpose of an ordinary dictionary is simply to explain the meaning of words, and the problem of which it professes to furnish the solution may be stated thus:—The word being given, to find its signification, or the idea it is intended to convey. The object aimed at in the present undertaking is exactly the converse of this—namely, the idea being given, to find the word or words by which that idea may be most fitly and aptly expressed. For this purpose, the words and phrases of the language are here classed, not according to their sound, or their orthography, but strictly according to their *signification*.' The utility of such a work is much greater than appears on the surface. In order to secure perspicuity and accuracy in speaking or writing our language, Dr. Roget has established six primary classes, or categories—those of Abstract Relations, Space, the Material World, Intellect, Volition, the Sentient and Moral Powers. Under the class of abstract relations are arranged:—1. Existence; 2. Relation; 3. Quantity; 4. Order; 5. Number; 6. Time; 7. Change; 8. Causation. In like manner, all the six classes are subdivided with remarkable skill and precision, and the most delicate perception of the subtlest distinctions. We can assure our readers that it would be unjust to the author to represent his book as a merely dry catalogue of words. It is full of suggestions. It exhibits the extraordinary richness, fulness, and flexibility of the English language. We recommend it specially to writers who seem to imagine that they give strength to their style by adopting foreign words, idioms, and phrases; to those who use their own language loosely and carelessly; to as many as labour under the misfortune of being spell-bound by some expressions which happen to be fashionable; and to any persons whatever who are so indolent, conceited, so ignorant, or so negligent, as to damage the purity of their mother-tongue by 'a habit of arbitrarily fabricating new words and a new-fangled phraseology;' and finally, to all who honestly desire to have at command a copious vocabulary, and the entire resources of the language, whether for speaking, whether public or conversational, for translating, or for original composition in writing. We are glad that Dr. Roget follows Cicero, Quintilian, and the greatest masters of speech, in recommending the practice of translation as one of the best helps to a just and powerful use of words. In this exercise his 'Thesaurus' is invaluable. We should rejoice if our warm commendation promoted the circulation of so *thoroughly useful* a book.

The Rights and Duties of Property; with a Plan for paying off the National Debt. By John Sangster. London: Whittaker and Co. 1851.

A VERY theoretical little book, with a good 'title.' The plan for 'paying off the national debt' is very simple. Whether it will commend itself to a Chancellor of the Exchequer is problematical.

Vindication of the Church of England; in reply to the Right Hon. Viscount Feilding, on his recent Secession to the Church of Rome. By the Rev. R. W. Morgan, Perpetual Curate of Tregynon, Montgomeryshire, author of 'The Verities of the Church,' &c. London: Rivingtons. 1851.

It would be scarcely fair to pronounce a judgment on this 'Vindication' from our own stand-point, as dissenters from the Church of England; otherwise we should enter our protest against certain ecclesiastical and sacramental notions with which it abounds, and which we repudiate as contrary to the plain teaching of the New Testament. But, taking it for what it professes to be—an appeal to a seceder from the Church of England to the Church of Rome—we regard it as a satisfactory refutation of Lord Feilding's objections on his own principles. The difference between the two churches is clearly set forth; the claims of Rome to the sovereign pontificate are ably refuted; her doctrines are tried by apostolical tests, and rejected; the dates of her successive departures from the truth, which Dr. Newman regards as 'developments,' are recorded on 'chronological evidences of ecclesiastical history;' and a calm appeal is made to Lord Feilding as 'the aggressor in this warfare.' All sound-hearted men of every persuasion will sympathize, we trust, in the simple earnestness of this appeal. 'In the admissory creed to Rome, you anathematize your baptismal church. In your letter to the lord bishop of this diocese you term her a non-apostolic, non-catholic church, protesting against and denying some of God's most holy truths. In your vow of allegiance to Rome you pledge yourself to influence every one over whom you exercise persuasion or control to the same view of her. It would be idle to conceal that your secession has struck like an electric pang through the whole body of the church in North Wales. And when the secession is followed by an arraignment so serious, advanced at this especial crisis by a convert of your lordship's birth, education, weight, and eminence in the principality, there is no minister of the Church of England but is justified by his own convictions of the truth, and his pastoral responsibilities, in openly defending those scriptural and catholic principles of apostolic Christianity which it has been your pleasure to abandon for the modern system of papal Rome.'

The Journal of Sacred Literature—New Series. Edited by John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A. No. V. October, 1852. London: R. B. Blackader.

BESIDES a soundly Protestant review of Protestantism in France, and a Millenarian discussion of the views put forth respectively by Faber, Heath, and Young, on 'Hades and Heaven,' this number of the Journal contains several excellent papers on 'the Harmony of the Gospels,' 'the Greek Vulgate,' 'Clemens Alexandrinus,' 'the Cherubic Forms,' a curious extract from 'the Acts and Martyrdom of Matthew.' The history of the 'Rephaim,' which has now reached the sixteenth chapter, is continued from the last number, followed by papers on miscellaneous topics, which will interest various classes of readers. Among others, we notice some curious suggestions on the astrological character of the 'year-day' principle in prophecy.

A Discourse on the Greatness of the Christian Ministry, delivered before the Students and Supporters of Horton College, Bradford, on Wednesday, August 4, 1852. By J. P. Mursell, of Leicester. London: Hall and Co.

IN this Discourse, Mr. Mursell has ably defended the Christian ministry from the misconceptions by which it has been abused, whether by superstition or by false philosophy; while he delineates with much richness of thought and beauty of illustration its *unique* character, its sublime origin, its spiritual elements, and inculcates in a wise, practical spirit the settled convictions, the personal purity, the benignant temper, the earnest devotion, the intellectual activity, and the varied skilfulness with which its functions are to be discharged. We commend it as a most judicious and eloquent address to candidates for the ministry. No minister can read it without rising to higher thoughts concerning the work in which he is engaged. We have marked with special interest the healthy and discriminating tone with which Mr. Mursell adverts to recent systems which have had so pernicious an influence in disturbing that *repose in revelation* without which the Christian ministry becomes an exhibition of the most contemptible weakness, instead of being the mighty manifestation of revealed truth, and the earnest proclamation of a heavenly kingdom. Without yielding for a moment to the prejudices of mere ignorance, or forgetting the respect which is due to the advances of intelligence, he asserts at once the independence of his judgment and the ripeness of his faith, by painting the inventions of modern schools in their genuine colours, exposing their sophistries, and denouncing their antagonism to the foundations of all truth in science and history, as well as in the interpretation of the Scriptures. We cannot conclude this short notice without calling the attention of evangelical Protestant dissenters to Mr. Mursell's seasonable remarks on the 'momentous mission' which devolves on *them* to sustain the institutions on which depends so much of the fitness of their future ministers for the 'gathering conflict' of truth with error to which the Church of Christ is so rapidly advancing.

The History of Greece, from the earliest records to the close of the Peloponnesian War, including a sketch of the Geography of Greece, and dissertations on Greek Mythology, on the Heroic Age, on the early Painters and Sculptors, and on the Social Condition of the Greek People. By E. Pococke, Esq.; Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, D.C.L., one of the Justices of her Majesty's Court of Common Pleas; the late John T. Ruth, Esq.; and the Rev. J. B. Ottley, M.A., late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. London: Griffin and Co. 1851. pp. 536.

THIS volume is part of a revised and greatly admired edition of the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana.' Rich in varied classical learning, and adorned with more than fifty exquisite wood-cut illustrations, we anticipate for it a grateful welcome among the promoters of exact and elegant scholarship. The story is told well. The dissertations are luminous, full, and very charmingly written. We prize the volume as a real treasure, even at a time when the elaborate and copious English histories by Thirlwall and Grote are issuing from the press.

Erastus ; or, How the Church was Made. pp. 24. London :
A. Cockshaw.

‘THERE is reason to believe,’ says the author of this effective tract, ‘that the great majority of nominal members of the Church of England are utterly ignorant as to how that church was constituted.’ Such is unquestionably the fact ; and the parties cannot do better than acquaint themselves with the statutes here quoted for their edification. By printing these, with only so much introductory remark as is needful for the purpose of history, the author has left the facts of the case to tell their own tale, and a most mournful and humiliating tale it is. We thank the Anti-State Church Association for the service thus rendered, and strongly recommend the tract to our readers.

The Life of Francis Lord Bacon, Baron of Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, and Lord High Chancellor of England. By the Rev. Joseph Sortain, A.B., of Trinity College, Dublin. London : The Religious Tract Society.

So much celebrity attaches to the name of Bacon as a philosopher, and so much ignominy loads his memory as a chancellor, that few tasks could be more delicate than the writing of his ‘Life.’ Mr. Sortain has told the story simply and well ; and while evincing his anxiety to present the character of Bacon in as favourable a light as possible, he adheres to the severe verdict on which history has condemned him. The most interesting peculiarity of the volume, as might be expected, is the intelligent and evangelical discrimination with which the religious character of Bacon is discussed. Even his errors, his frailties, and his more serious faults, are turned to good account, with ‘the humble hope that Lord Bacon may be more useful as a moral beacon than he has ever been, or can be, as an intellectual leader.’ We are thankful for the appearance of this volume, as not only a worthy tribute to profound learning and pre-eminent genius, but as a useful preservative against one of the worst tendencies of the age—the idolatry of mental power, and the comparative neglect of moral consistency and religious worth.

Bibliotheca Sacra and American Biblical Repository. July, 1852.
Andover : Draper. London : Snow.

THIS number of the ‘Bibliotheca Sacra’ contains some valuable contributions from the pens of Stuart, Lewis, Robbins, Pearce, White, Rubinsohn, Short, and Edwards. The first of these names is well known in England. Professor Edwards, the friend and colleague of Stuart, now lies near the remains of his late venerable associate, in the burial-ground of the seminary at Andover. He had been several years the principal editor of the journal. The present editors promise an obituary of him in their next number.

The Leipsic Campaign. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig. In two parts.
London : Longman and Co.

THIS volume forms the twenty-ninth and thirtieth parts of ‘The Traveller’s Library ;’ and to all who are interested in military details, it will prove

very acceptable. 'It has been my object,' says the author, 'to popularize, if I may use the expression, one of the most important pages in the history of Europe.' Much use is made of the commentaries of Major-General Cathcart; and the various materials collected are blended in a continuous narrative of mournful but not uninteresting import. We hope the time is not distant when the terrible evils of war will be unsparingly exhibited by every moralist and divine. We should have been glad to see more of this spirit in Mr. Gleig's work.

The Israel of the Alps; a History of the Persecutions of the Waldenses.

Translated from the French of the Rev. Dr. Alexis Muston, by William Hazlitt. With numerous engravings. London: Ingram, Cooke, and Co.

A DEEPLY interesting volume, the records of which should be pondered over by every man who is concerned for the maintenance of religious freedom and evangelical truth. As the title-page imports, the materials have been almost entirely derived from the work of Dr. Muston. Many additional particulars, however, from the 'Narrative' of Dr. Gilly, have been introduced, and numerous pictorial illustrations are supplied, which aid the comprehension of the reader by rendering its scenes more vivid to his imagination. We warmly commend 'The Israel of the Alps' to all our friends, and especially to the young.

A Letter to Richard Cobden, Esq., M.P. for the West Riding of Yorkshire, on the Impolicy and Tyranny of any system of State Education. By Benjamin Parsons, of Ebley. London: Snow. 1852.

A PLAIN-SPOKEN and vigorous pamphlet, by one who has *worked* as well as written his convictions on the subject, and well deserving to be read by the advocates of all the plans hitherto propounded for the education of the people of England.

The Doctrine of the Manifestations of the Son of God under the Economy of the Old Testament. By the late Rev. George Balderston Kidd, of Scarborough. Edited by Orlando T. Dobbin, LL.D., M.R.I.A. London: Ward and Co. 1852.

THIS elaborate treatise is not so much the putting forth of a doctrine different from the general current of evangelical teaching, as a full inquiry—which occupied the writer between twenty and thirty years—into the proofs of the pre-incarnate manifestations of the Son of God during the dispensations of the Old Testament. It will be studied with advantage by those who seek more than a superficial acquiescence in a truth of some moment in our understanding of the Scriptures. Mr. Kidd, little known beyond the place of his residence, and not generally popular as a preacher, was a man of great conscientiousness, constant in his adherence to Biblical truth, a lover of good men in a pre-eminently catholic spirit; he was more earnestly and practically bent on the nominal and visible unity of the Church than on any other object; and it was while seeking the grounds of that unity that he was led to the question here discussed. Though the manner in which the contents of the volume are brought together is not such as we would recommend, and there is not much attraction in the

style, we find a minuteness of examination, a clearness of exposition, a sifting of evidence so persevering, and so large an acquaintance with English theological writers, that we are bound to represent it as a valuable addition to the evangelical literature of our language. There are few examples of greater concentration of thought, through nearly a lifetime, on one subject; and we have a confident expectation that labour so well employed has not been thrown away, but will be crowned with good fruit in time to come.

A Monotesseron on the Gospel Records of the Life of Christ. Combined in one narrative, on the basis of Dr. Carpenter's 'Apostolic History.' Edited by Russel Lant Carpenter, B.A. London: Whitfield. 1851.

THIS is a laudable and successful attempt to embody in a compendious and cheap form, for the use of private readers and the conductors of Bible classes, the substance of many costly volumes. The introduction relates the circumstances connected with the birth and childhood of John the Baptist and of Jesus Christ. The records of Christ's ministry embrace ten parts. The narrative is given in the words of the Evangelists, but not according to the received version. The text of Griesbach is followed, and the translation of Dr. Carpenter is remarkably literal. In more than 1600 portions, there are not more than thirty cases in which a word is supplied to connect the parts, and the words supplied are printed in *italics*. Occasionally a various rendering, or a verbal explanation, is given in the margin. These notes are numerous, and contain nothing sectarian or controversial. The volume is accompanied with a convenient map. By referring to a brief index at the end, the reader can easily find any passage, according to its proper place in the separate gospels. We are much pleased with the work, and wish that it may be extensively used.

Formation of Character. A Book for Young Men: being a Companion to Maidens and Mothers. By the Rev. Thos. Binney. London: James Paul.

THE title-page of this work implies that it is published by Mr. Binney, which is not the case. He has nothing to do with it; has not given the title; and can scarcely be expected even to approve of the publication, as by him, of discourses taken in short-hand, and not revised by the preacher. As a matter of literary justice to a distinguished preacher and *author*, we protest against such a proceeding, and abstain from any further notice of a work produced in such a way.

The Messenger of Mercy; or, Words of Warning addressed to the Guilty. London: Partridge and Oakey.

THIS publication consists of four numbers, and was intended to be continuous; but the editor states that his multifarious engagements compel him to terminate his little work, which he earnestly hopes may be resumed by others. It may be recommended as forming thus far a kind of enlarged tract, composed chiefly of extracts from the pungent appeals of several good writers to the unconverted. It is calculated to benefit the multitudes who unhappily belong to this class, and we therefore wish it a wide circulation.

Remarks on Certain Statements by Alexander Haldane, Esq., in his 'Memoirs of Robert Haldane, Esq. of Airthrey, and his brother James Haldane.' By John Brown, D.D., professor of Exegetical Theology to the United Presbyterian Church. Svo. pp. 16. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant and Sons.

WE referred casually to this pamphlet in the review of Mr. Haldane's volume, in our journal for September last. Since then, we have read it attentively, and in doing so, have arrived at a more positive judgment than was expressed in our former article. While entertaining the most profound respect for Dr. John Brown, we should hesitate to recur again to the subject in dispute between him and Mr. Alexander Haldane, did we not feel that it was due to his character, and to the grave interests of truth, that we should do so. A clearer case of mis-statement, both as it respects opinion and fact, was never submitted to public judgment, and we hasten, therefore, to avow our entire and most cordial concurrence with Dr. Brown in the matter which has occasioned his pamphlet. Referring to the 'Memoirs' of the Messrs. Haldane, he says: 'Without adverting to minor mistakes, there are two mis-statements—the one in reference to the opinions said to have been maintained by me, and the other, in reference to certain effects said to have been produced by the controversy,—which are of such a nature, that I feel that it is doing the author an act of kindness, as well as myself an act of justice, to furnish the means of correcting gross, though it may be unintentional, misrepresentation, and of repairing serious, though it may be unintentional, injury.' On the first of these points Dr. Brown's vindication is complete. Indeed, nothing short of the hasty and uncandid spirit of a heated polemic could have hazarded the charge. Mr. Robert Haldane was a noble man, but in his zeal for what he deemed truth, he was not always mindful of the charity which 'thinketh no evil.' Like other polemics, he was too apt to attribute to an opponent the conclusions which *he* drew from the opinions avowed. The biographer would have done well to acknowledge the injustice perpetrated in this case, and all christian men would have commended the highmindedness of the act.

But it is more difficult to account for the course pursued on the question of fact. We cannot acquit Mr. Alexander Haldane on this count. He has clearly been guilty of gross neglect in the examination of evidence pertaining to a point on which he pronounces a decided opinion. What renders this the more surprising is, that the evidence was easily accessible; nay, was so public and glaring, that it is difficult to understand how it could be overlooked. The facts are simply these:—Dr. John Brown having avowed, in 1837, his intention of submitting to any penalty rather than pay the Annuity-Tax levied for the support of the established clergy, Mr. Robert Haldane addressed an expostulatory letter to him through the medium of one of the Edinburgh newspapers. Dr. Brown subsequently published his celebrated treatise on 'The Law of Christ respecting Civil Obedience,' to which Mr. Haldane replied in eleven letters—'Until,' says his biographer, 'the judgment of the public seemed so entirely to go along with his argument, that the agitation against the

tax was abandoned.' In support of this statement, the 'Morning Herald' of December 3rd, 1840 is quoted, which states that, immediately after the publication of Mr. Haldane's letters, the number of recusants was reduced from 1961 to 15; 'and such,' says the authority adduced, 'was the revolution caused in the public mind, that the tax was afterwards collected without difficulty.' Now, here is a plain matter of fact, on which it ought not to be—and we are bold to say, it is not—difficult to ascertain the truth. The facts of the case are recent and public; they have been spoken to before parliamentary committees, and may be decided on the evidence of blue books. Dr. Brown briefly adduces this evidence, and then sums up his case in the following most significant inquiry,—'Is it possible to reconcile these statements—first, that immediately on the publication of Mr. Haldane's letters, the agitation was abandoned, and the tax afterwards collected without difficulty; and second, that the arrears, which in 1837 were about £700, had in 1850 mounted up to nearly £29,000; and that, in the summer of 1840, the tax could not be got by the ordinary methods of solicitation, pouding, and imprisonment, and THE MILITARY WERE RESORTED TO?' We need add nothing. Never was a mis-statement more triumphantly demolished, and we hope that Mr. A. Haldane, in the event of a second edition of his work, will clear himself from suspicion by doing justice to Dr. Brown. The temper of Dr. Brown's pamphlet is admirable. He is content to vindicate himself and the truth with which he is identified, leaving it to his assailant 'to judge what *he* ought to do in the circumstances into which he has brought himself.'

Leila Ada, the Jewish Convert. An Authentic Memoir. By Osborn W. Trenery Heighway. London: Partridge and Oakey.

HERE is a romance of real life. For some time during the perusal, we were strongly tempted to think it was a fictitious narrative, on account of the concealment of names and dates, and the novel-like manner of its commencement. But we have been convinced it is no fiction, and the authentication on the title-page is even verified by the character of the portrait prefixed, in connexion with the religious and literary fragments of the youthful subject of the story. The incidents are few, but the narrative is one of thrilling interest. So beautiful an exhibition of christian principle is not often seen; nor, indeed, is there often a combination of such circumstances to furnish the opportunity of its display.

The heroine was the daughter of a wealthy Jew, living in Cornwall. She was highly educated, and could speak several languages. As a Jewess, she was exceedingly tenacious of her religion; but after studying the Scriptures of the Old Testament, she resolved to read the New, notwithstanding the curse which rested on such a proceeding. Conviction soon ensued, that she knew not the way of salvation; and the light began to dawn upon her, and render her at once uneasy and joyous during a long journey with her father through Switzerland, Italy, Greece, and the Holy Land. On her return, she discovered a

chapel in a small village near her residence, to which she paid secret visits, and there cherished the saving knowledge of Christ which she had obtained. But how was this to be disclosed to a father who loved her with the utmost paternal tenderness, but equally hated the christianity she had adopted? It was, however, done amidst tears and severe rebukes—the tears of the martyr, and the rebukes of the prejudiced Jew. Dreadful in all respects was the crisis, continuing through many days. She was dismissed from home to an uncle, where her difficulties increased. An assembly of rabbies pronounced their characteristic curses on her, and her father, if he should come near her, or have anything further to do with her. The affection of the father, however, triumphed over the prejudices of the nation and of his own heart. There was a reaction. She was recalled in resentment of the indignities she had suffered, and was permitted to be a Christian. But, alas! her sufferings and anxieties had destroyed her constitution. Her dying request to her father was, that he would read the New Testament, and what was the joy of that moment when he replied, ‘My dear, I have begun to read it. I have seen that your religion must be true. I never expected to witness a death like yours, my daughter. I have begun to pray; you pray too, that God would help me to follow you to heaven. I believe, my dear; I confess to you and all present that I believe in Jesus!’ On her tomb were inscribed these words:—‘This testimony (alluding to what was before said) is written by her father; who, to all eternity, will praise God for such a gift; he being, through her instrumentality, converted from the darkness of Judaism to the faith of the Gospel of Christ.’

The Analysis of Sentences explained and systematized, after the plan of Becker's German Grammar. By J. D. Morell, A.M., author of ‘An Historical and Critical View of the Speculative Philosophy of Europe in the Nineteenth Century,’ &c. London: Theobald.

THIS is a very useful grammatical compendium—the evident fruit both of study and experience. It is divided into three parts, comprising:—1. The parts of sentences; 2. The different kinds of sentences; and 3. The logical analysis of sentences. The reader will form a good idea of the work if we allow the writer to speak for himself, by giving a short extract from the preface. ‘The method of analysis I have adopted is that which has been applied to the German language with so much advantage by Dr. Karl Ferdinand Becker. Since the publication of his celebrated grammar in Germany, every enlightened teacher in that country has seen the advantage of proceeding upon the principles there inculcated. In addition to this, however, I have also compared the plans of several other school-grammars, particularly that by Dr. Heussler, of Basel, which, though based entirely on Becker's principles, shows many excellences of its own in point of concentration and arrangement.

‘These, then, are the literary authorities I have followed in reference to the *method of analysis*. What I have done over and above this is chiefly to adapt the method to the usages of our own tongue; to furnish it with examples in the English idiom; and to remodel the whole form in which

the subject is presented, so as to make it as accessible as possible to the youth of our own country.

'The chief advantage I look for from pursuing grammar on these principles is to show the folly, in education, of putting etymology over the head of syntax, or of inculcating the mere study of individual words and their structure, in preference to the investigation of language as the complex organ of human thought. I have long been convinced that the proper study of language is the preparatory discipline for all abstract thinking, and that if the intellect is to be strengthened in this direction, we must begin the process *here*.'—Pref., p. v.

Modern Poets and Poetry of Spain. By James Kennedy, Esq., Her Britannic Majesty's Judge in the Mixed Court of Justice at the Havana. London: Longman and Co.

IF every judge or other public functionary in the service of the state in foreign countries, would devote some of that leisure which even the busiest life affords, in a manner similar to that which was adopted by Mr. Kennedy, the cause of literature would be greatly advanced. It is much better to study the language of a people than merely to mingle in their amusements; and thus to cultivate rather than to dissipate the mind. How much more satisfactory the reflection that something has been done, or at least zealously attempted, to promote one's own improvement, and to contribute to the general stock of knowledge, than that days of professional duty have been simply filled up by hours of gaiety or of slothful indulgence. Mr. Kennedy has certainly earned this praise; and though the result is not all we could wish, inasmuch as he has not always selected for his literary promenades the very highest lands of Parnassus, yet many may be thankful for the degree of intercourse to which he introduces them with some of the modern poets of Spain. 'Few persons,' he remarks—and it is a fair and candid confession—'going abroad for a short period, or for a specific purpose, could be expected to acquire such an intimate knowledge of the literature of any country as to be able to render a satisfactory account of it. Where, however, any one had the means and the leisure to do so, that seemed to me the task most worthy for him to undertake.'

Accordingly, Mr. Kennedy set about acquiring the Spanish language, and very soon began translating its productions as a means of accurate knowledge. He was especially desirous of furnishing a comprehensive view of 'Modern Spanish Poetry,' and thus completing the representations of Spanish society and manners given by other writers. The work embraces two objects; first, the communication of critical and biographical notices of the principal modern poets; and secondly, the translation into English verse of the most favourable specimens of their productions, that the English reader may form some idea of their comparative merits.

Of the twelve distinguished poets of whom we have an account, and from whose writings extracts are made, we have Spanish authority for saying that Gaspar Melchor de Jovellanos is the most eminent. He, like several others of the poetic community of Spain, had noble family con-

nexions, and was not indebted, as the poets of our country have often proverbially been, to the stimulus of poverty, to assist or impel their flights. He is chiefly a satirist; but although he lashes, with skilful severity, the vices and follies of society at Madrid, we are reluctant to award to him the praise which our author bestows,—that he has the strength as well as the faults of Juvenal. Another of this fraternity—Tomas de Iriarte, was much skilled in Latin compositions, and is recorded as the only writer of eminence among the modern Spanish poets who is celebrated for classical attainments. His fame rests on his literary fables, which have obtained an extensive popularity. They have been reprinted in nearly every provincial town of Spain, and several editions have appeared both in France and America, and three translations of them have been made in English verse.

The best of the modern lyric poets is Juan Melendez Valdes, with whom some have ranked Moralin, but with a faulty admiration. Valdes is decidedly pre-eminent, though we cannot exalt him to the glory of Moore and other melodists of our own country. The Spanish poets have great advantages in their language, which is at once energetic, dignified, and harmonious; yet tending to favour a pomp and bombast in spite of its amorous mellifluousness. The translations of Mr. Kennedy are successful; but will scarcely endure a severe criticism.

Nuns and Nunneries. Sketches compiled entirely from Romish authorities. London: Seeleys. 1852.

If only half that is said and proved in this book of nuns and nunneries were true, it would be sufficient to fill every upright mind with grief and indignation. Whatever denials fear or shame may prompt the accused to make before the tribunal of public opinion, positive evidence from indisputable documents—indisputable, because their own—cannot be set aside. The anonymous author has pursued the right course by appealing to 'Romish authorities.' If any one is not yet convinced of the enormities of the Catholic system, or not yet satiated with the details of its practices, let him read this volume, which is skilfully compiled, and with as much of care and accuracy in the selection of passages as the subject will admit. The author, in his concluding pages, very fairly states that while he has exhibited the character of nunneries in various ages and various places, he is very far from asserting that *all* these institutions have always been, or are now, the abodes of profligacy and irregularity, and unites candour with the love of truth, morality, and law.

Review of the Month.

PARLIAMENT IS TO MEET 'FOR THE DISPATCH OF DIVERSE, URGENT, AND IMPORTANT AFFAIRS' on the 4th of this month. So says the royal proclamation; and people are asking each other what will be the *character* of the business transacted? will it be of a progressive or of a retrograde order?—will it carry out with honesty and good-will the spirit of recent legislation; or, while adhering to its letter, will it be designed to subvert the policy of 1846? The present is an era of reaction. The monarchical principle has triumphed for a season, and kings and emperors are showing their weakness, duplicity, and absolutism. Is our own country to be identified with Russia, Austria, and Prussia; or are we to remain the hope of the liberal and virtuous of other lands? The *final issue* does not admit of doubt. No sane man has the slightest misgiving on this point. What Strafford and Clarendon failed to accomplish, Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli will essay in vain. But while confident of the ultimate result, people are asking themselves what will be the immediate aim and policy of the government? The premier, in one of his unguarded moments, called on the divided forces of the tory camp to rally round his standard, in order to check the progress of democracy. What this meant we all know; and though the necessity of the case may compel acquiescence in the commercial policy of Sir Robert Peel, no opportunity will be lost, we feel assured, to level the outworks of popular freedom, and to regain the ground which has been lost. Under the disguise of liberal phraseology, the real object contemplated will be a restoration of the spirit and substance of the tory creed. The ministerial organs are silent respecting the intentions of their employers, nor do we quarrel with them for being so. All we gather from their columns is vague and unshaped. It may be good; it may be bad. Hope suggests the former, but the antecedents of the ministry—to use a now hackneyed term—leads us to anticipate the latter. We hear much of the labors of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The great magician is engaged in his incantations, but what the result will be no mortal foresight can predict. Rumor attributes to him a scheme of sweeping change, to which English statesmanship, in these degenerate days, supplies no parallel. But rumor is proverbially treacherous. No wise man will build on its whispers, and in the present instance the rumor itself may possibly be an artifice to serve the purpose of a dishonest partizanship. It has been so in former times; and there is nothing in the political reputation of Mr. Disraeli and his associates to render the supposition improbable in their case. The *something which looms in the distance* may be as diminutive as its proposer is unscrupulous. The revelation, however, must speedily come, and we wait the disclosure. Political prophesying is at the best an unwise vocation; and was never at so low a discount as at the present moment. The 'Daily News' of the 22nd announced that the Queen's speech would be decisive on the subject

of free-trade. We hope it may prove so. The recent election has not left the ministry much option in this matter. Notwithstanding the prodigious efforts which the Derbyites made, the response of the people to the appeal of the Crown has placed the question beyond doubt. Should Lord Derby abide by his declaration, and discard the figment of protection, the ground will happily be clear for other and most momentous topics. Men will take up their natural position; some of the Peelites will probably resume their party connexions; and all honest liberals will be in a condition to give their undivided support to those grave questions which pertain to the franchise, and to the protection of voters in its exercise. Should it, however, prove otherwise, a vote of the lower House will probably be taken early in the session, which, removing all uncertainty on so vital a matter, will place the government in the unenviable position of a minority.

In the meantime, we look with solicitude to the general politics of the House. What will be their complexion? What position will be taken up by our leading men? Where will Lord John, Sir James Graham, Mr. Hume, and Mr. Cobden, be found? Is there any principle in which they will unite—any ground on which they can stand in company? We have our misgivings, and must not be deemed cynical on this account. We are no prophets of evil, but our confidence in the late premier and the member for Carlisle is not unbounded. It is true that both have been bidding for popularity. At the Perth dinner, Lord John gave utterance to some noble convictions, while Sir James has been renewing the liberality of his youth in sundry communications, oral and written, to his new constituents. We should have more faith, however, in these avowals, if we could forget the suicidal policy of his lordship as a quasi-liberal premier, and theameleon complexion of the politics of his quondam associate. The aristocracism of the one, and the fickle faith of the other, prevent our reposing with much confidence on either. They have both been weighed in the balances, and have been found wanting,—the one in progressiveness, the other in stability,—the former in a large-minded sympathy with democracy, the latter in sincere and earnest devotion to the people. As parts of an administration, they may be valuable, but as its presiding genius, they would fail to conciliate confidence, or to secure that measure of support which is needful to defeat a tory coalition. The revival of the late government, with its policy unchanged, however its *materiel* might be altered, would answer no other purpose than that of further dividing the liberal party. Better have Lord Derby than this; and bad as is the alternative, the country, if polled to-morrow, would say so by a large majority. We are much of Mr. Hume's opinion, who, in his letter to the editor of the 'Hull Advertiser,' says:—'When I look to the hollow professions of those who preceded Lord Derby, and note their throwing up their cards rather than play out the game for the popular cause, by calling on the reformers to join them, I cannot have much confidence in anything they may do to promote the union of parties.'

There is a party in the House, known by name, at least, as 'the people's party,' from which much was anticipated. We were never very sanguine on this point, as our former remarks have shown. Many of the members of this party have given no earnest of their sincerity, and we are not, therefore, surprised at their absence on Mr. Hume's motions. We

now learn from Mr. Hume himself that it is as easy to 'make a rope out of the sand on the sea-shore' as to unite any considerable number of liberals in an independent and earnest prosecution of the popular cause. It is well that we should know the truth, and we thank the member for Montrose for the disclosure he has made. Something more, however, is due to the country, and we hope that no false delicacy will withhold the names referred to in the following statement.

'After repeated trials and after grand promises,' says the veteran reformer, 'the most noisy in their professions have too often been the first to desert their principles, and leave the party to make, as it has always done, a miserable and shabby appearance as to numbers. I could give you lists of deserters on such trivial grounds and pretences as would surprise you, and so frequent as almost to deter any man from attempting such an effort again.' The 'Times,' according to its habit, has sought to turn the sincerity of Mr. Hume into ridicule. In two articles of the 6th and 18th, it has mingled panegyric and irony in a strain peculiarly its own. The truth and force of the statements made were evidently felt; but, true to its vocation, that journal has sought to take off the edge of rebuke, by rendering the writer an object of derision. The imperturbability of Mr. Hume was never more conspicuous than in his reply. 'I can assure you,' he says, 'that I am not 'one of those worthies who, at the close of their life, have lamented the "scant fruit" of their labors. On the contrary, when I look back on the course in which since 1818 I have been engaged—when I compare the state of the public accounts, and of the representation, of the public establishments, and of the country generally at that period, with their condition now—when I take into account the great improvements in our financial system, in the representation as effected by the Reform Bill of 1831-2, the introduction of comparative economy and retrenchment in all branches of the public expenditure, and the vast benefits conferred on the country at large by free-trade since 1842—towards all of which objects my endeavours have been unceasingly directed—I am rather disposed to rejoice at the "ample success" which has attended the efforts of those friends of progress and reform among whom I am proud to number myself; though, at the same time, I cannot overlook the fact that much more might have been accomplished had we received wider and more consistent support from all who seemed to be interested in the great work at which we have laboured.'

From the past, Mr Hume reverts to the future; and we are glad to find that the interpretation of the 'Times' was as incorrect, as its spirit is evidently hostile. It is due to Mr. Hume to give the following passage from his letter, which we have the more pleasure in doing, as it throws light on the course which will yet be pursued by the most advanced and earnest men on the liberal side of the House. 'You have assumed,' he says, 'from my letter to the 'Hull Advertiser' that I wish to propose ballot as the single point on which reformers should unite and take their stand. This is a complete misapprehension. I have often stated, and here repeat, that no scheme of reform can prove efficient, and meet my views, that does not include vote by ballot; on which account, and to avoid making various separate motions, I have included it in my annual motion for parliamentary reform, as agreed

upon by between seventy and eighty reformers, in which it was endeavoured to combine all the main elements of that change which is requisite to make the House of Commons the real representation of the people. It is the full attainment of all those rights, which Lord John Russell now at last recognises as belonging to the democracy of this country according to the Constitution, which I seek to promote; and I have, therefore, to express my regret at your attributing to me the intention to compromise the assertion of those rights collectively, and for the sake of forming a stronger party to assume ballot alone as a bond of union. I disclaim this interpretation of anything I may have said or written. The ballot alone would never make the House of Commons that democratic portion of our institutions which it theoretically is, and ought practically to be.'

We should be glad to pursue this subject, but other topics claim attention. It will afford us pleasure to report, on some future occasion, that our new parliament is made of 'better stuff' than its predecessor. Let our representatives honestly discharge their duty, and the country is prepared to sustain them. Experience of the past keeps the great body of the people irresolute and inactive; but let them see in the national councils a body of men sympathizing with their interests, and seeking the protection of their rights, and they will soon speak in a voice which must set opposition at defiance, and compel the partizans of a selfish oligarchy, whether tory or whig, to 'hide their diminished heads.'

THE APPROACHING CONVOCATION OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND is not, it appears, to be a legislative body. The marked expression of clerical opinion, in the results of the late contested elections of proctors to serve in the lower House, led many persons to believe that the functions suspended for 145 years would be revived, and that England would be once more blest with an ecclesiastical parliament. This impression was confirmed by the Charges of not a few bishops and archdeacons, echoed by articles from that portion of the press which represents the high church party. The significant declarations of the prime minister that he would maintain 'the church in all its integrity,' and his recent alliance with the University of Oxford as its chancellor, completed the hopes of the more ambitious of the clergy, that the times of sacerdotal domination are about to return. These hopes are doomed to a sudden and final extinction, and the would-be legislators are to pay the penalty of their golden bondage to the state by being ejected from their chamber, by royal mandate, without having performed a single act.

Considering the known opinions and aims of the Earl of Derby, and of other members of the present government, it is clear that none but the most imperative considerations could have led to this conclusion. For of the desirableness of some settlement, both of the doctrines and the discipline of the Church of England, no man of any party is insensible. The conduct of government can only be explained by the insuperable difficulties which forbid the bestowment of any further powers upon the bishops and clergy of the Church of England. Some of these are easily indicated. The publication of the evidence taken before the ecclesiastical commission has astonished and shocked the mind of the entire community; indeed it has revealed such a condition of widely prevalent ecclesiastical corruption as utterly to disgust parliament with every question respecting the Church

of England, and, in the case of its stanchest friends, to make the advocacy of its claims a most painful and embarrassing task. But since the publication of that evidence, which chiefly respected episcopal and capitular malversation (we use, by the way, an extremely subdued expression), numerous other facts of an equally scandalous description have been brought to the knowledge of the public; and of such developments the past month has been singularly prolific. In the first place, the scattered flakes of evidence which have fallen in the committee rooms of the House of Commons, have been collected and indurated, by Sir Benjamin Hall, in a letter published in the 'Times,' into a snowball, which makes a most formidable missile, and is hurled with no playful intent, and with very mischievous effect. It has ignominiously knocked off more than one mitre, and sadly damaged the windows of several cathedrals and chapter houses. We last month detailed the case of Mr. Moore, and of another gentleman who holds thirty-two offices in diocesan courts. Since then the case of the Reverends Richard and George Pretyma, sons of the late Bishop of Lincoln, have been made public. The Mere Hospital in Lincolnshire is chartered with eight hundred and seventy-four acres of land, for the perpetual support and complete maintenance of thirteen poor persons, and of the chaplain *therein* ministering. In 1817, the then bishop appointed his son Richard as chaplain, who, two years after, granted a lease of the hospital land, reserving the old rent of £32, but taking a fine of more than £9000. In 1826 and 1835, he again renewed the lease for fines of £2200 and £1742 10s., all of which, like his predecessors, he kept himself, besides £750 for timber. The report adds, that out of the £32 he kept £8 himself, and applied the rest to the use of *six* poor persons, that the buildings of the hospital had ceased to exist, that no duties were performed by him, and that the annual value of the Mere lands was more than £1200. In the same year (1817) this gentleman was appointed by his father, though bound to minister in the Hospital of Mere, to a canonry residentiary in Lincoln Cathedral, officially valued at £1665, and also to the precentorship, returned at £184, but having attached to it the rectory of Kilsby over the Tunnel, with tithes upon 2,100 acres commuted for land, and therefore not worth less than £335. In the same year his father also bestowed upon him the rectory of Walgrave-cum-Harrington, endowed with 660 acres of land, and money payments, a house besides, and therefore worth not less than £1000. The produce, then, of these three offices in the thirty-three years must have been £105,000; but in 1819, the year of his £9000 fine, his father again presented him with the rectory of Stoney Middleton, commuted at £436 10s.; and in 1825, he obtained from the Bishop of Winchester the sinecure rectory of Wroughton, commuted at £570. The annual value, then, of his church preferment is not less than £4000, and the proceeds during the tenure of it amounted to no less £134,794, besides the £13,700 obtained by anticipating the revenues of the Mere Hospital, raising the total to more than £148,500. As for his duties, till 1841 he had not performed any service at the Hospital. Wroughton rectory is a sinecure, and, when asked officially what he did as Precentor, he replied: 'My duties are to superintend the choir, and—preach once a year.'

Then as to his brother, the Reverend George Pretyma. 'In 1814,'

says the writer in the 'Times,' 'his kind father gave him also a canonry residentiary at Lincoln, valued at £1665, and the chancellorship too, returned at £284 a year, but probably worth £535, as it has attached to it the prebend of Stoke, and the perpetual curacy of Nettleham, a parish of 3284 acres, with tithes commuted for land and money payment. In the same year he became rector of Wheathampstead-cum-Harpenden, with tithes commuted for £1591, and therefore worth at least £1600, making with the canonry and precentorship £3800 a year, and producing in thirty-eight years, at least £144,000. In 1817, when Richard became chaplain, canon, precentor, &c., George was presented by his father with the rectory of Chalfont St. Giles, commuted for £804; and in 1825, when Richard got the sinecure rectory in Wilts, George stepped into a stall at Winchester, not quite a sinecure, of £642 a year. These two additions raise the annual income of his preferment to £5246, and the proceeds during his term of it to about £190,000, which with his brother's £148,500, makes £338,500 for the pair. Nor is this all; for as precentor and chancellor they are patrons of six or seven small benefices which may be useful as compensations for curates, 'invidiously called working,' and besides, as canons of Lincoln and Winchester, they have a share in corporate patronage of greater value. Thus, the Chapter of Lincoln are patrons of Great Carlton, value £571, to which, in 1844, a son of George was appointed, upon whose death it fell to another son, in 1850.

In addition to all this, the same gentleman, on the appointment of the Dean and Chapter of Winchester in 1845, accepted £50 a year for a month's nominal service, a similar appointment being made in his favour in 1847, and a third in 1849!

It is also in the knowledge of the prime minister that the result of the legal proceedings in the case of Mr. Whiston has been his reluctant reinstatement by the bishop, as head master of the cathedral school of Rochester; a result which covers his persecutors with infamy, and shows that the cupidity and tyranny of deans and chapters can only be restrained by the strong hand of the law. Simultaneously with these disclosures, a further 'difficulty' has arisen between the Bishop of Exeter and a number of his clergy, who, at a public meeting at Plymouth, took action against the conduct of the Rev. George Prynne. This gentleman's dealings with young females at the confessional was of a kind which it would be impossible minutely to describe in these pages; and this conduct the meeting in question condemned by their resolutions as inconsistent with the doctrine and practice of the Church of England. This proceeding provoked the bishop to a display of his well-known characteristics; and he forthwith called upon the mover of the anti-papal resolution to prosecute the patronized father-confessor in the Court of Arches. For once, however, the litigious prelate found himself in a cleft stick. The promoters of the meeting met the challenge by declining to institute any legal measures, relying on the precedent of the Bishop of Exeter himself, who declined for a long time to prosecute Mr. Gorham, whom he loaded with charges of heresy, and who never prosecuted the Archbishop of Canterbury, whom he excommunicated, on the charge of "flat popery and something worse." For once in his life, Dr. Philpotts is 'hoisted with his own petard.' At a time when such eruptions as these upon the surface of the church indi-

cate so clearly the dangerous unhealthiness of the system, it is not surprising that the government does not dare to precipitate a crisis by pouring in the stimulus of the legislative powers of convocation. The volcanic elements, however, are not extinguished, but only denied a vent.

THE PROGRESS OF THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE through the southern provinces has been, if rumour is to be credited, a sort of popular coronation. But the term *rumour* is here used emphatically; for every organ of public intelligence is silenced in France, save only those which are subservient enough to retail to the world the dictations of individual ambition, or court intrigue. Our confidence as to the feelings of that portion of the French people who are not too frivolous to form a subject for serious attention, is held in much suspense by two considerations. The one, that the higher classes throughout the provinces have stood aloof from the ovation of the President, and that the acclamations of 'Vive l'Empereur' were uttered by a mob the most easily amenable to the dictation of venial prefects. The other is, that the most marked honours with which the President was saluted were offered by a priesthood, the enlistment of whom as his jannissaries is the only stroke of policy which redeems his administration from the charge of absolute stupidity. The whole transaction has been humiliating to the last degree. It exhibits the populace of a nation contentedly hugging its chains, and giving an apotheosis to its tyrant. But its ecclesiastical aspect is far more disgusting. The addresses of the religious bodies of France have been absolutely nauseating, and clearly demonstrate that under the withering influence of popery no more of religion has been left in Catholic France than is sufficient to admit of blasphemy. Over one religious house (as it is called) were inscribed the words,—'God made Napoleon, and then rested;' while the address of an important city to the President was a parody and expansion of the Lord's Prayer. His reception in Paris on his return was similarly and sadly gorgeous. The mind of France would seem to be degraded into a despicable satisfaction with billiards and dominoes, *eau sucrée*, and hide-and-seek. They prefer an illumination to a constitution, and, like the children of Rome's senility, clamour only for 'bread and spectacles.'

THE ELECTION OF THE EARL OF DERBY AS CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD supplies matter for very grave reflection. The significant and repeated declaration of Lord Derby to maintain the Church of England in all its integrity, if it is anything but a foolish and fleeting party-cry, means that he is resolved to perpetuate—perhaps even *he* would not dare the Herculean task of increasing—those corruptions which constitute the Church of England an Augean stable which Hercules himself could not cleanse. It is not surprising that Oxford, as the headquarters of the high church and tractarian army, should, by a sort of military suffrage, elect such a man as commander-in-chief. But as avarice is the vice, so blindness is the infirmity of age; and it yet remains to be seen whether a party tottering back to the superstitions and follies of the past, have not mistaken the points of the compass; and, while thinking to worship the rising sun, are not, like imbecile devotees, offering their homage to the setting luminary, and that a mock sun after all. Intoxicated cupidity may sometimes turn its back to the east.

THE APPROACHING SOLEMNITY OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S

INTERMENT is exciting the universal interest which is natural to an occasion so pregnant with great recollections, and which promises, by all the splendour with which a British court and parliament can invest it, to satisfy the utmost desires of those who worship military glory, respect political eminence, and enjoy the pomp and pageantry which national wealth can exhibit. The military representatives of foreign nations, the *élite* of both Houses of Parliament, the array of horse, foot, and artillery, will combine to render this celebration one of the most august spectacles which has ever been witnessed in this country. We must confess to a feeling of deep regret at many of the intended circumstances of this interesting event. The lying in state at Chelsea Hospital appears to us singularly out of taste. It feeds an obsolete and irrational sentiment, and is a piece of parade grossly unsuited to the solemnity of the occasion. To expose in gorgeous decoration the last and crowning infirmity of human nature; to invest with a sort of petty glory the primeval curse; to turn into an attractive spectacle that which to the eye alike of reason and religion, is the standing manifestation of God's righteous displeasure with the sins of his children, is at once untasteful and revolting. It may suit the genius of Lamartine to imagine that the mental powers of a Napoleon weigh as virtues in the balances of his judge, and, by consequence, perhaps, that the military powers of his conqueror constitute a saintship of themselves; but we trust that the time is passed when this fiction of heathen poetry can command any other tribute of admiration than that which an intellectual sympathy is coerced to pay to 'the builder of the lofty rhyme.' An enlightened homage to the mighty dead is at once the dictate of reason, of civilization, and of natural piety. More than this is an offence to that very reason, and an outrage on those more sacred sentiments and those more sad conditions with which religion overshadows the lot of sinful humanity. Sadly out of keeping on such an occasion are the flourish of trumpets and the strains of martial music. It is vain to attempt to gild into greatness the abasement of the tomb; and the sentiment of a secular poet ought, one should think, to impress the minds even of those who are not accustomed to draw their principles from the only fountain of infallible truth:—

'No further seek his merits to disclose,
Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.'

THE FOURTEENTH AUTUMNAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ENGLAND AND WALES has been held during the past month, at Bradford, Yorkshire. The attendance of ministers and delegates was unusually large. The Rev. Dr. Harris, President of the Assembly, delivered an impressive address on 'The Mode of Preaching in the Present Day.' In addition to the usual public services on such occasions, much interest was created, and, we trust, great good effected, by 'Lectures to Working Men,' from Mr. Reed, of Norwich, and Mr. Brewin Grant, of Birmingham. The assembly agreed to memorialize the Directors of the Crystal Palace, and also her Majesty the Queen, and recommended similar proceedings to the churches throughout the country, in opposition to that

part of the charter which provides for the opening of the Crystal Palace on the Lord's Day. The discussions of this important meeting, which affected more immediately the represented churches, were of grave interest, and will lead, we doubt not, to a vigorous enhancement of those noble principles of truth and policy which constitute the basis of the Union. On one point we venture to offer a suggestion—the LITERATURE of the Congregational churches. It is only by reading that energetic thought is sustained; and it is not to be expected that efficient action will be carried on with the steadiness and dignity of principle unless there be a deep stream of living thoughtfulness pervading the community. Surely it is not to the honour of free churches, nor does it augur well for their future prosperity, that such a valuable series of publications as 'The Congregational Lecture' should be so feebly supported, even at the reduced cost at which it is now offered. Amid the numerous organizations which abound in the churches, why should there not be, in every congregation, a small band of young men, having an intelligent secretary, who would make it their business to look well and constantly after this department of expenditure?

Among the salient points of business at this important meeting, we are glad to notice an energetic protest against American Slavery,—the expression of strong sympathy with suffering protestants on the continent of Europe,—the proposal of a conference of county associations on the best means of promoting the welfare of the churches,—a large project for the extension of chapel buildings,—the support of the Milton Club,—and the vigorous maintenance of the Board of Education. It was agreed, on all sides, that this has been the most interesting and efficient meeting of the Union ever held. We sincerely congratulate its members on the increasingly practical character of these proceedings.

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